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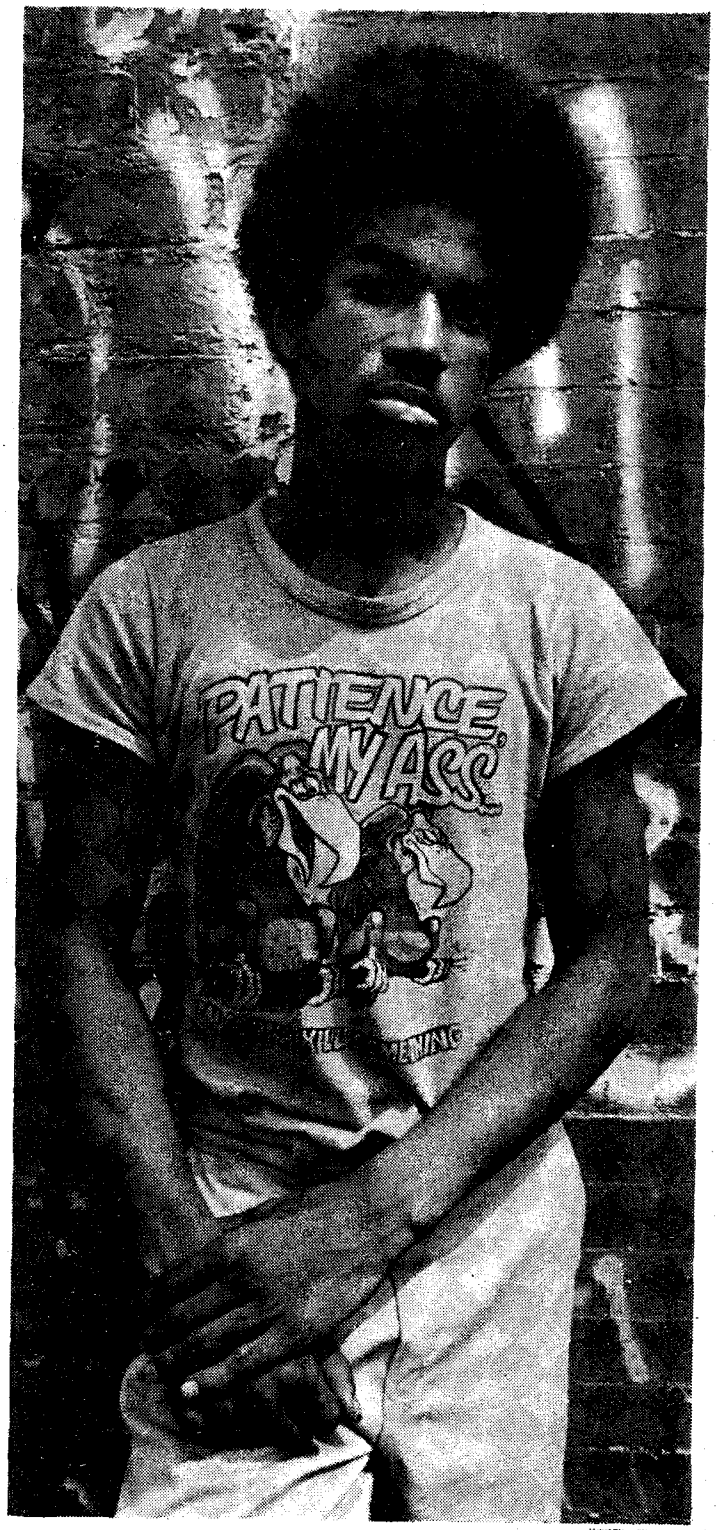

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GUNFIGHTS IN THE GRAVEYARD

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EDITORIALS

The Nixon Monument

The guilty verdicts against Mitchell, Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Mardian were returned with symbolic appropriateness as the last page was turned on calendar year 1974. The findings were not surprising; the four defendants had convicted themselves. Parkinson, found not guilty, had been caught up in a plot not of his making and in which he played only a minor role. But the book cannot be closed on Watergate just yet; some unfinished editorial business remains.

In retrospect, why was it that a relatively large section of the American electorate, at times a fairly sizable majority, appeared to be gulled for so long by what was, from the outset, an obvious cover-up? By the year 1972 the politics and character of Richard Nixon were as well-known—or should have been—as the politics and character of Adolf Hitler or Winston Churchill. He had been in the national limelight for a quarter century; it would be difficult to imagine a facet of his character that had not been prominently exhibited, not once but many times. To put it bluntly, Nixon remains today what he was at the start of his career: a con man. The celebrated question first raised and set on its astonishing course by Noel Parmentel, incidentally a *Nation* contributor—"Would you buy a used car from this man?"—says it all. But it never needed saying; it should have been obvious. Folklore has it that most Americans, while curiously fond of gold-brick merchants and circus barkers, have an inherited immunity to their wares. Time was when "I'm from Missouri" was the watchword of a saving residual skepticism in the American character. Why, then, did the public appear to be taken in by Nixon? Why did it put him in the White House? Despite a number of dramatic and intensely publicized self-exposures—in 1952 ("Checkers"), 1960 (the debates with Kennedy), and 1962 (in California)—the con man from Whittier kept working his way up the political ladder.

Given the well-known facts about his career, and his demonstrated character, the cover-up was obvious and its course predictable. The break-in was by almost any reckoning a stupid caper, but it was not out of character. If it wasn't personally ordered by Nixon, it might well have been. Nor did it take any special insight in June 1972 to chart the cover-up plot. It was obvious, for example, that Nixon and crew would try to contain the scandal until after the election. This would—and did—involve drawing a circle around Nixon. The rubric was that "the Presidency must be protected"; but it was not the Presidency, it was Nixon who was being protected. As long as he remained President—and assuming his re-election—he held the keys: he could pardon the top plotters if the conspiracy were to be exposed. So the circle held. Mitchell, because of his connection with CREEP, had to be kept at a distance. Haldeman must know some facts that had to be kept from Ehrlichman. Funds would have to be paid to the burglars to insure their silence until after the election. Then, over a period of time, without fanfare, their sentences could be commuted or pardons could be issued. And it might have worked if the "cover" for the cover-up had not been blown and if the existence of the tapes had not been discovered more or less by chance. But the existence of an organized plot, a conspiracy to obstruct justice, was clear from the outset. Not only was it charted by some publications, including this one, but we also said repeatedly that in the end Nixon would double-cross his lieutenants. That's what happened. They got no pardons; he would not even throw them a deposition.

How, then, could the majority *pretend* to believe, for so long, that Nixon was incapable of such duplicity and corruption? A deep-seated reluctance to believe that such a plot could have been hatched in the White House by any President was one factor. Some found it humiliating to admit even to themselves the conclusions which the known facts demanded. But at a different level others were unwilling to concede what their intelligence told them must be true, because they felt vicariously implicated; if they had been caught in such a situation, at the midpoint in an election year, they might well have done exactly what Nixon did. One of the best known American football gurus, a prime male animal, Woody Hayes, Ohio State's coach, felt no embarrassment in saying publicly that he would have done exactly what Nixon did. To many Americans WIN is a sacred word and not because it means whip inflation now; to them it means win, by almost any means, and, above all, don't fail. No one remembers losers. Hayes is simply more candid than most members of the majority who for so long professed to believe that Nixon was innocent, while knowing, in their heart of hearts, that he was guilty. This is why, once the facts could not be blinked, once the fatal last tape had been released, this same majority, somewhat diminished in numbers, turned savagely against Nixon. He had "betrayed" them by failing; he had stupidly convicted himself and, by this act, had made them feel like the co-conspirators which, in spirit, many of them were. Actually these elements were more furious with Nixon than those who, from the beginning, had known he was guilty.

But a more specific question must be raised. How did it happen that so many prominent men of experience, high intelligence, with excellent opportunities for close observation, with honorable reputations, professed to believe in Nixon's innocence? By so doing, weren't they parties to the cover-up in a public relations sense? Can they really plead ignorance? The list is long and it includes Henry Kissinger, Sen. Hugh Scott, Vice President Rockefeller, Sen. Barry Goldwater, Ronald Reagan, Melvin Laird, Alexander Haig and President Gerald Ford. Even Elliot Richardson could, for a time, have been on the list. These men are not naive. Do they really want us to believe that it never occurred to them—knowing Nixon as well as they did—that he was not telling the truth or that he was capable of doing what we now know that he did? What is their excuse for continued public support by assurances of belief in his integrity? Personal loyalty? Party loyalty? Patriotism (in the sense, that is, that the disgrace of Nixon would reflect on American institutions)? The presumption of innocence is not available to most of these prominent supporters; they

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did not want the truth to be tested. The harsh fact is that they pretended to believe in the truth of what he said as long as they thought he had a chance to stay in office. Their behavior, their continued support, is an aspect of Watergate that should not be forgotten.

And what word has issued from the prisoner at San Clemente? He is "anguished." If he felt the four defendants were innocent, why did he accept a pardon? "For the good of the country" won't wash: the damage had been done. He accepted the pardon—as those familiar with his career and character could have predicted—to save his own neck. One count indicates that nine men have been convicted and fifteen have entered pleas of guilty for offenses arising out of the Watergate cover-up, but the man responsible for these assorted crimes is free. His "anguish" is his punishment. But historians will note that in the final act he would not risk a possible hazard to his health to aid the defense of those who had served him, not wisely or honorably but loyally. Reflecting on Watergate at the end of 1974, one is inclined to regret that the trustees of the Nixon Foundation have decided not to go forward with the project for a Nixon Memorial Library. It could have been a lasting reminder of a sordid plot to subvert the Constitution, what with its tapes, transcripts, court decisions, trial transcripts, memos, photographs, kinescopes of the Ervin and impeachment committee hearings, and televised news shots of Nixon, again and again assuring us of his innocence and his determination to get at the truth.

The Blue Ribbon Panel

President Ford's blue ribbon panel to investigate domestic spying by the CIA is the first bad joke of the new year. The obvious purpose of the commission is to put a damper on the charges, not to investigate them.

Henry Kissinger, who oddly enough was asked to line up the initial report for the President, is said to have come up with the panel gimmick—the time-tested way to divert public interest from a sensitive subject. So we have the humorous prospect that Kissinger, who was involved in domestic wiretapping and, as Presidential assistant on national security affairs, knew or should have known all about domestic spying by the CIA, will be investigated by his patron, Vice President Rockefeller. And Rockefeller, a member of the Foreign Intelligence Board since 1969, knew or should have known all along about such activities.

With the exception of Erwin N. Griswold and Edgar F. Shannon, the members of the panel are, like Rockefeller, certifiable cold-war Establishment types. John L. Connor helped collect millions in medicines to ransom the Bay of Pigs prisoners from Cuba; General Lemnitzer was chairman of the Joint Chiefs at the time of that fiasco; Lane Kirkland, Meany's assistant, is chargeable with knowledge of, if not participation in, CIA capers that involved AFL-CIO or other units of the labor movement. Why not have gone the full distance and named Jay Lovestone, who knows even more about the CIA connection with labor than does Kirkland? Ronald Reagan is a right-wing ideologue out of office; he has no discernible qualification for the investigative task unless blind fanaticism may be considered one. If the Congress wants to retain a measure of

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credibility and integrity as a legislative body, it will not let this obvious piece of political flimflam go unchallenged. It should conduct its own investigation in the form of public hearings and it should press hard for a mandate of accountability. Nor should its inquiries be restricted to domestic political spying. The CIA has led a charmed bureaucratic life for nearly thirty years. The "old boy network" has long prevailed in the agency and neither the public, its representatives nor the press has been in a position to assess its performance or to reckon the damage caused by its more foolish operations. Two incidents indicate the need for a scrutiny of the CIA that would involve matters other than domestic spying.

Howard Hunt, who may sometimes tell the truth, is quoted as saying that he never understood why, for a period of ten to fifteen years, the CIA, subsidized the Fodor Travel Guides. Fodor was, according to Hunt, an agent (Fodor denies it); he and the station chief in Vienna were close friends. So when Fodor decided to publish travel guides, the CIA offered to subsidize the venture. Why? In what amounts, over what period of time, were public funds used to finance this publishing venture? For what purposes; with what results? No issue of secrecy is involved; the cover has been blown on Fodor. So let's have the facts, under oath, in a public hearing.

Or consider the secret Cuban Army-in-Exile that the CIA financed to the tune, it has been reported (*The New York Times*, January 4), of more than $2 million per year. This mysterious project was set up originally as an adjunct to the Bay of Pigs invasion. Operation 40, as it was known, was supposed to organize a CIA agency in Cuba after Castro had been driven from power. But once the invasion was repulsed or called off, the CIA had on its hands mercenaries whom it could not simply turn out in the cold, having betrayed their high hopes and fond dreams. So Operation 40 became a kind of secret Cuban army or counterintelligence force, used to spy on other Cuban refugees and to conduct such idiotic operations as picketing British and French consulates once Britain and France had resumed trade with Cuba.

It was a great life while it lasted. The Operation 40 boys had private airplanes at their disposal, and junkets to the best resorts were, of course, strictly in the line of duty, with all expenses paid. It went on from 1960 to 1969 or thereabouts. It might still be going on but for the fact that one of those private planes crashed in California and a supply of cocaine was found in the wreckage. This incident did not blow the cover on Operation 40 but it did cool the CIA's enthusiasm for the project. It was gradually cut back, but whether it was ever liquidated is not known. Now that the story is out, there is no reason why the facts cannot be brought to public attention. How much did this zany venture cost? How long was it in operation? And how much damage can be traced to its operations?

But will even the new Congress have the courage to insist on a public inquiry? Or will it succumb, once again, to those mysterious pressures which hitherto have choked off every attempt to enlighten the public about the CIA? There is some reason to hope that this time Congress will screw up its courage and honor its responsibilities. But we will reserve applause until that happens.

'The Military Option'

It began to be discussed, *sotto voce*, about a year ago, with discreet references buried deep in long analyses of the oil-energy-Arab-price-gouging problem in the financial papers. Then the columnists started to nibble at it—"it" being the unthinkable notion that we just might have to reach out and grab those Middle Eastern oil fields, or some of them. The new style scenario journalists then began to write scripts about how the oil might be seized. From there it was but a step to occasional references in news stories to a growing interest in "the military option." Performers on the lecture circuit report that the option keeps coming up with remarkable persistence, even in discussions of quite unrelated subjects. Taking cognizance of the growing public interest, the pundits then offered solemn assurances that it was all just talk, designed to signal a measure of displeasure to the Middle East. And now, within the last few weeks, the option has become a prime topic, discussed by former Senator Fulbright and by Henry Kissinger, whose thoughts on the subject have been reaffirmed by the White House and Sen. Hugh Scott.

The evolution of "the military option," from the rumor-gossip stage to editorial and feature-story status, carries certain curious undercurrents. On the one hand, we are assured that no one in a high policy or executive position seriously advocates any such action, that indeed, continued discussion of the possibility is deplored. But along with such assurances come repeated stories that "somewhere in Washington" the option is being discussed by back-room strategists who push the chess pieces around to show how easily, almost effortlessly, the deed might be done.

But if it has come to the point that military seizure of the oil resources of other nations, even at the risk of nuclear war, is being discussed in this fashion, then it is difficult to understand why our winter sportsman President and his advisers have taken such a relaxed view of the energy crisis. We do not know what heroic proposals may be advanced in the State of the Union message, but seldom has a problem of such gravity retreated more quickly from the front pages. If we are pushed to the point of discussing a war of conquest in the Middle East, why has a year gone by with nothing much being done to avert it? Of course the nation was preoccupied with Watergate, but that hardly accounts for the neglect and weird mismanagement of the issue or, more to the point, with the failure of the Ford Administration to show strong leadership in response to it. If the problem is as serious as it appears to be, why not propose controls of emergency stringency to deal with it? If only for appearance's sake, shouldn't we launch comprehensive energy conservation plans before sending in the aircraft carriers, tanks, missiles and paratroopers to seize what does not belong to us from owner states with which American oil companies have firm contractual relations?

In the meantime, as we await the State of the Union, one can only marvel that an option that has aroused so much attention should still be characterized in some circles as "unthinkable." Obviously it is only too thinkable, and not alone among Washington strategists but in the press and other public forums. Senators such as William Brock (R., Tenn.) and Ernest Hollings (D., S.C.) are to be commended for their insistence that the Administration

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take a hard line on energy conservation and crack down on the big oil companies that continue to dictate national policy through their innumerable Washington connections. Senator Brock, according to a spokesman, feels that, since some nations (unnamed) might be provoked by a future embargo to respond with military force, we should show the rest of the world that this country is ready to cut energy consumption to avoid the possibility of such action. And perhaps the time has come, he feels, to limit the power and influence of the oil cartel.

Oil and Water

God smiled on the Mideast nations when He placed them on top of the largest and most accessible pool of crude oil in the world. He was less kind with fresh water, however, and if the Arabs want to industrialize they will need huge quantities. The late Lewis L. Strauss, Eisenhower's Secretary of Commerce, tried to use the combination of deficiency in water and abundance of oil to make peace in the Mideast. The answer was that peace must come first, then we'll worry about water. The Arabs and other OPEC nations were probably even then looking forward to buying Manhattan Island at a bargain.

The Arabs have plenty of salty or brackish water. Several techniques of desalination are available but figures on first cost and expense of operation are not firm. Which method may be best suited is also influenced by the salinity count of the water. For instance, Du Pont has developed a reverse osmosis process which, the company claims, can cope with 35,000 parts per million of salt. Unfortunately, the salt levels in the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea range up to 50,000 p.p.m. Brackish underground water is easier to desalinate, but not as easy to get at as sea water.

Desalination is not just a chemical problem—nothing in the Mideast is. A U.S. company, Aqua-Chem, built a plant in Saudi Arabia in 1965, but has no contracts there now, apparently because the company is a subsidiary of Coca-Cola, which deals with Israel.

Other factors are arms deals, credit, inflation and the precarious world monetary situation. The Italians feel they are suffering discrimination because of French arms supplies to Mideast customers, backed up by cheap credit. West Germany's inflation rate, 7 per cent, is relatively low and that gives Krupp an advantage in selling to the Arabs. In the 1960s the Kennedy administration gave all countries free access to a distillation process which had been developed under U.S. auspices. Westinghouse had a major share of the desalination market at that time, but now so many bidders are active that Westinghouse is licensing its process to other manufacturers.

Despite chronic difficulties, by all indications there will be a sizable market for desalination plants in the Mideast—as much as $1 billion during the next five years. Desalination may also be tied in with electric-power generation, but water is the first essential. "If these countries don't get water," says the manager of a French company, "they will die." They certainly can't industrialize without much more fresh water than they have available now. Maybe they should have listened more attentively to Admiral Strauss's Jordan River scheme (constantly supported by *The Nation*); he had more foresight than they.

PHILLIP BURTON OF THE CAUCUS

'I AIM TO OPEN UP THE SYSTEM'

MARY ELLEN LEARY

San Francisco

If any zeal for reform survives from the ebb and flow of youthful political enthusiasms in recent years, it is that for opening up "the Establishment" to new members and to new ideas. This one kernel of protest still gets expression on campus, in churches, in the women's movement and consumer groups. A few breaches have been made in the barriers to admission, the most astonishing being in the halls of Congress. This year there would seem to be some chance that new members of the House of Representatives will get a better deal than usual in committee appointments and a voice in leadership choice. Among the members of Congress who have labored to overcome hierarchical hurdles and seniority preferences, none has been more persistent than San Francisco's Democratic Congressman, Phillip Burton, who became, as a result of the first advantageous shifts by new members, chairman of the House Democratic Caucus, with greater power in that post than any predecessor enjoyed.

Burton had already tested "the winds of change" by his calculated move two years ago to give the Majority Caucus a secret-ballot vote on committee chairmanships, effective in 1975. Even if Wilbur Mills, former chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, had never encountered the Tidal Basin "Firecracker," his power would have been clipped this year by such new rules transferring strategic decisions from his Committee on Committees to the caucus.

In addition, Ways and Means itself had been reshaped. The caucus voted to enlarge this pivotal committee from twenty-five to thirty-seven members, and Burton shrewdly postponed the choice of those members until the new Representatives, elected last November, could be among those considered. This is "the new constituency," but their influence will be no stray piece of luck. It is the carefully designed culmination of a series of steps toward what Burton terms "the democratization" of the House. The process began years back, with many other partici-

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pants and before Burton won chairmanship of the Democratic Study Group in 1971. But he made each recent step effective.

"We have set about to reduce arbitrary authority, to cut back institutional power by establishing rules of the caucus that give every majority party member, even new members, some say in House committee appointments," Burton says. By "institutional power" he means that which accrues automatically with seniority.

"My hope is that by just improving the communication among our Democratic colleagues, we will be able to work together better. I am confident this Congress will perform in a creditable manner. We will get a decent tax reform bill and a decent national health bill.

"We want to open up the system by which the House operates, and let every member have some say—that is what all new members want, even the most conservative. That is why young members particularly are supportive. These new arrivals are extraordinarily capable. There is an expectation that we will open up the system for them. That is what I aim to bring about."

The man with the temerity to say that he expects to achieve what has been mere wishful thinking for so many years in Congress has been only ten years in the House, and at 48 still counts himself properly representative of the "young" members. Outside the power centers of Congress, Phillip Burton is but little known. There are reasons why he cares so strongly about making room for newcomers. A snap judgment might be that it earns him, a notable liberal, supportive votes. Probably true. The vote of many among the seventy-five new Democratic members in the House helped pile up his 162 caucus ballots for chairman over the 111 of moderate Rep. B.F. Sisk (D., Calif.).

But the history of Representative Burton's rise in politics to his present role, only four steps short of the speakership, is a chronicle of breaking down barred doors, throwing open customarily closed institutions and forcing grudging or even hostile political colleagues to make way for his bumptious but purposeful presence. Burton is a rare man in politics: he does not need to be loved. Since 1950 he has moved through state Democratic circles, the California legislature and into Congress, so singularly intent upon mastery of the political game, at which he is phenomenally adept, that he has had no time for such niceties as cultivating the media, placating rivals, or being diplomatic with allies. As a result, what is known about him focuses upon his abrasive manner, his perfectly apparent ambition. His ability has been overlooked.

When Burton came out of World War II, restless to use the political skills he had discovered in high school student government, he found Democratic politics in the San Francisco area buttoned up in the pocket of benevolent boss Bill Malone. Many young people hungered for a chance to express their postwar fervor through politics, but the Old Guard was accustomed to picking candidates, and looked askance at volunteers. As a result, there erupted in California that upstart group, the California Democratic Clubs. At the same time, the Young Democrats, largely because of Burton's drive while he was simultaneously making his way through law school, were rejuvenated into a lively adjunct of the national party.

The 1950 campaign in which Rep. Helen Gahagan Douglas vied unsuccessfully with Rep. Richard Nixon for a California U.S. Senate seat saw the flowering of Burton's enthusiasm. He was passionately for Mrs. Douglas, and like many dedicated liberals felt that party old-timers gave her less than full support. The disappointment at her defeat honed sharper his independence, his defiance of conventional party leadership, and his determination to learn how elections were won.

By 1954 Burton was a candidate himself. He ran for the legislature in San Francisco, brashly taking on a labor symbol, another Democrat. He was defeated. The ignominy of that defeat lay most in the fact that his rival died a few days before the election and Burton couldn't beat a dead man. The Democratic establishment was not about to welcome this gangling, assertive, loud-mouthed and disrespectful parvenu.

Burton's buddies were the ultra-liberals, the idealists. "Ineffectual," people called them. By the next election Burton had moved into the district of labor's friend, Republican Thomas Maloney, who had three decades of successful elections behind him and universal, cross-party esteem. It became an enactment of a "last hurrah." While the town smirked at his impudence, Burton went from apartment to apartment, rooming house to rooming house, meeting personally some 85 per cent of the voters in that district—the skid-row poor, the blacks, the Chinese, the Mexican-Americans, the welfare families. He talked their issues: welfare, job security, health protection, public housing. The indefatigable work, the patience with detail, the single-minded drive which brought his first victory have been Burton's style ever since. He has no interests, no hobbies, no tastes outside politics. His wife, Sala, is necessarily married to political endeavor.

By now, Burton has so proven his political prowess, and backed his liberal interests with legislation, that labor considers him one of its best Congressional supporters. And California's Democratic Party leadership has proudly scheduled him as principal speaker at their January 24-26th state convention. It is a far cry from the first state party meeting after his initial election. Former Democratic Party state chairman Roger Kent recalls that when Adlai Stevenson was due to make a speech the San Francisco Democratic committee didn't want Burton on the platform with them. "He was the new politics. He was a shock to a lot of people. They considered him obnoxious. But he was a tremendous worker. He was dedicated to getting things done and he puts more care, I have discovered, into the craftsmanship of politics than anyone I've ever seen."

One long-time friend said Burton "thinks and plans much further ahead than anyone else. Most politicians wage war tactically. Phil operates strategically." Attorney Jack Tomlinson, a recent party leader in Northern California, describes Burton as "absolutely fearless. He is outspoken and sometimes says outrageous things. But he is one of the best politicians I've ever seen. He knows where power lies, how to reach it and how to use it. He is considered an ultra-liberal on social issues and on some foreign policy issues. But he has been able to work compromises with the conservatives to gain an objective, because they know his word can be relied upon."

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Phillip Burton

A measure of that reliance was the trust Republicans as well as Democrats put in Burton's drafting of California's Congressional redistricting bill two years ago, for which he took primary and almost sole responsibility. An evidence of his courage which people remember is that in 1965, shortly after he took his seat in the House, he was one of only three members to vote against a supplementary Defense Department budget intended for U.S. operations in Vietnam. He was consistently opposed to the war and at the 1968 convention, while the radical Left was demonstrating in the Chicago streets, Burton was drafting the anti-war plank for the party.

While in the California legislature, true to those first campaign commitments to the poor who populate his district, Burton brought about in 1963 a complete redrafting of California's welfare code, dramatically liberalizing its terms and eligibility. Some of this was reversed by the Reagan administration, but Burton has been recognized as so uniquely knowledgeable in the field of welfare law that he was often called upon by Congressman Mills for Ways and Means Committee discussions on welfare or by Sen. Russell Long (D., La.) to assist in drafting legislation. He sits on the House Education and Labor Committee and on the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, but his specialty is welfare.

This was expanded to workmen's compensation in 1969 when he sponsored the Federal Coal Mine Health and Safety Act which sets up compensation for miners who fall victim to "black lung." He counts the Minimum Wage Act of 1966, which affected some 6.5 million people, the most significant bill he ever got passed and takes pride, as well, in a cost-of-living escalation clause in the 1972 Social Security Benefit Increase Bill. He considers "the poor and the alienated" his particular constituents. But he chuckles that this year a reapportioned district, which includes relatively more middle- and upper-income constituents, voted him into office as solidly as ever. "There was a San Francisco myth," he laughed, "that I couldn't win in that neighborhood. Well, I did."

There are a flock of San Francisco myths about Burton. One of them alleges that he has a machine. That was made particularly convincing when, after 1964, his brother John succeeded to his seat in the state legislature and this year ran in and won San Francisco's 2nd Congressional district, formerly Republican.

The brothers Burton, a twin act from San Francisco in the House, have offices side by side in the Federal Building at home. But seniority gives Phillip more prestigious office quarters in Washington, along with more privileges and power. Neither will hurt John's luck. It would have seemed a bit presumptuous this year to run a third brother, Robert, for the legislature. But Robert, a teacher, tested his wings by getting elected to a local college governing board. "The Burton name in San Francisco today," one politico said, "is as powerful as the name Sullivan used to be here. That family has become a one-generation dynasty."

Burton power is no myth, but it doesn't function in the old-fashioned way. There once was a coterie of young workers who could be relied on for campaign help but they vanished with the disenchantment of the 1960s. There is still a compact group of Burton backers who have considerable political acumen. Unfortunately, just as the party sweeps to power in the state legislature, some of these old allies are at odds with the new legislative leadership. Not with Phillip, though. With his customary foresight and his meticulous care to keep workable political ties at home, he wound up on the proper side of the winning group, which persuades a few old friends that he has fallen into conventional opportunistic compromises.

San Francisco's Democratic Mayor Joseph Alioto has waged a not very successful running battle against Burton. The fact that anti-Burton elements have yet to win their first skirmish only enlarges the impression of Burton's might. The coming race to succeed Mayor Alioto, in which Burton has already endorsed George Moscone against a sturdily based Republican, Milton Marks (both are state Senators), may estrange Burton further from home politics. But for the most part, beyond direct benefits for his city such as housing funds and the 36,000-acre Golden Gate National Recreation Area, the source of Burton's power is the proficient casework carried out by his local staff, dealing with people-problems in the district. His staff is reputed to be one of the fastest acting and most effective in the country, with great leeway to take responsibility in the field. Burton has been both consumer-minded and conservation-minded. Washington knew it; Ralph Nader is one of his close friends. Now the California constituency knows it too.

There is another myth: that no one likes Burton. As

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a matter of fact, friends and staff are full of stories about his kindnesses to persons in need. But he is brusque and dictatorial, a manner his staff accepts in good humor. Those he crosses in pursuit of legislative goals find his outspoken views, his disdain for social amenities, a shock, until they need his support. Given a political goal, he develops infinite patience for careful planning.

The press have never found him good copy: he is short with them. He scoffs at "image" and is indifferent to publicity. Results are what matter, said one friend: "Phil is superb at the nuts and bolts of politics. He is not strong on programming. But on getting results, he is magnificent. When he foresaw his chance to run for Congress, he drafted a law regulating special elections in a manner to suit his needs. He strengthened the caucus rules two years before he was in a position to use those rules. He is the kind of person who pores over computer print-outs of election returns: he knows every district in the state—and many in the nation. He is probably planning now on how to become Speaker." What he does admit to planning now is running for Majority Leader, "when that position opens up." That depends on when the speakership falls vacant, and the chairs begin to get shifted about. His relations right now with Speaker Carl Albert are excellent. In fact, among those who understand the functioning of Congress, and who command it, Burton stands high.

Nowadays, the most telling indication of Burton's further aims is a slight modification in his demeanor. He is no longer quite so indifferent to the sensitivity of others. "I suppose that maybe I am trying to smooth off the rough edges. I've made some effort since the election to, well, err on the side of understatement. . . . To err on the side of diplomacy rather than directness. I discovered this change in myself and I talked to Ralph Nader about it. He said people will take me, warts and all. He thinks it better if I'm my normal self. But perhaps something in this system does change me. . . ." □

ARGENTINA'S STATE OF SIEGE

JAMES KOHL

The temporary truce which followed the death of President Juan Perón on July 1, 1974 has been shattered by a wave of violence unprecedented in Argentine history. In the five months since his death nearly 200 persons have died in bombings, shoot-outs and assassinations. At times the grisly count has averaged three attacks a day with a fatality every nineteen hours. There have been as many as fifty bombings in a single day and political kidnappings still occur at the rate of one every three days. For their part, jittery police killed 247 suspects and fifty-one bystanders in the first nine months of 1974.

Still more ominous, however, is a newly formed death squad, the AAA (Alianza Anti-Comunista Argentina) which surfaced in August 1974. The AAA's technique and targets have wide hemispheric precedent. Death squadrons, comprised of police, military and civilian rightists, with ties to powerful government figures and employing police technology provided by North American "technical advisers" (e.g., Dan Mitrione of Uruguayan fame), have operated with impunity in Guatemala, the Dominican Republic, Brazil, Bolivia, Uruguay and Chile. The white terror has claimed leftist militants, teachers, lawyers, politicians and journalists.

Thus the present Argentine situation is part of a continental design for right-wing domination based on terror and repression of all forms of opposition. The strategy has been attributed to Washington numerous times; as early as December 1966 North American involvement was alleged in the creation of Guatemalan death squads. During the years 1966 and 1967 thousands of Guatemalan reformists and revolutionaries were murdered by death squads, while in the Dominican Republic some 2,000 leftists were killed and 150,000 fled government terror between 1965 and 1971. The technique allows for government control of the direction and pace of repression and aims at forcing a vendetta, thereby exposing guerrilla organizations to security hazards and attrition. Further, since death squad operations are "unofficial," governments gain the important propaganda dividend of disclaiming all forms of violence and publicly assuming a position of moderation. This in turn legitimizes the suspension of constitutional rights, allegedly made necessary by extremism. Thus it should occasion no surprise that Argentina has joined Chile, Paraguay, Uruguay and Bolivia in a "state of siege," the indefinite loss of personal rights and of political activity.

Early evidence of government's cozy relationship with rightist terrorists emerged in a bizarre series of incidents in Córdoba where, in mid-March 1974, a deputy police chief admitted under questioning to membership in a death squad which had razed the Governor's house. When it subsequently became known that Col. Domingo Navarro, the Chief of Police, was also implicated in death squad activities, he staged a police coup. Hundreds of police loyal to Navarro seized control of the city and ousted Gov. Obregon Cano and Vice Governor Atilio López, together with 80 per cent of the Governor's aides. The *navarrazo*, as it came to be called, ended with fourteen persons killed and hundreds injured. Leftists were rounded up, houses burned, newspaper offices and radio stations occupied. Perón disclaimed knowledge of the affair, but *The New York Times* reported telephone communications between the Interior Ministry and Córdoba's police insurgents, and Perón had earlier called the city a "focus of infection by leftists."

The *navarrazo* should be seen in context. Soon after his election, Perón publicly noted that his "cultural revolution" was in a "Stalinist phase." Newspapers and

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television stations critical of official policy quickly ran afoul of the government, and in March five stations were closed as well as the Peronist leftist newspapers *Militancia, El Mundo* and, more recently, *La Causa Peronista.* Other papers including *Clarín* and *Noticias* have been bombed. In January 1974, Oscar Bidegain, Governor of Buenos Aires Province, was forced from office. Bidegain was but the first: within a year the Governors of Córdoba, Mendoza, Salta and Santa Cruz were removed.

Perón moved to discredit and isolate the Left, both within and outside his movement. The policy under his widow, President María Estela Martínez de Perón, involves outright extermination of the resistance. Here the AAA plays a crucial part by removing the more outspoken and combative members of the opposition. The targets are often Peronists caught in sectarian struggle. Among the victims are Rodolfo Ortega Peña, a veteran Peronist, member of the Chamber of Deputies and well-known opponent of the military dictatorships of 1955-73; Horacio Chavez, hero of the Peronist resistance of 1955-56; Julio Troxler, another hero of the Peronist resistance; Atilio López, leftist union leader and former Vice Governor of Córdoba; Juan Vargas, former Under Secretary of Economics to the Governor of Córdoba; Silvio Frondizi, prominent leftist lawyer and brother of former President Arturo Frondizi; Alfredo Curuchet, lawyer for the leftist Córdoba Auto Workers Union; Rodolfo Francisco Achem and Carlos Alberto Della Riva, officials at the University of La Plata.

The AAA also delivered death threats to forty-four persons within the Department of Entre Rios in October 1974; Deputy Carlos Perette of the Radical (centrist) Party and Jacobo Timerman, publisher of the Buenos Aires daily, *La Opinion*, were similarly threatened. Timerman immediately chose exile, as did Raúl Laguzzi, former rector of the University of Buenos Aires and his predecessor, Rodolfo Puiggrós. Former President Héctor Cámpora, accused of "leftism" and "treason" by the ruling Justicialist Party's disciplinary committee, has received a death threat from the AAA. Judiciously, he has chosen to remain in Mexico.

The irony of the present situation is that those now in control of the country were insignificant in the Byzantine maneuvering which returned Perón to power. Thus, María Perón is an ex-dancer and arch-conservative of little demonstrated political ability; Minister of Labor Ricardo Otero is known more as an advocate of repression than a Peronist disciple; and Minister of Social Welfare José López Rega was a political unknown during Perón's eighteen-year exile. López Rega has emerged as the dominant figure in the clique now controlling the nation. A mystic, rabid anti-Communist and former police sergeant, he has managed to gain virtual control of the government by astute, if obscure, back-room manipulation.

Mounting pressure on elected Peronists, such as governors and deputies, together with control of television and the press, restructuring of universities, meddling in unions, and attacks on the Peronist Youth, marked Juan Perón's push to the right. The pace under his successor has accelerated, but so too has the resistance.

Internal opposition to the government's authoritarian and repressive policies has come primarily from the Peronist Youth (Juventud Peronista: J.P.), and the Montonero urban guerrillas. Rodolfo Galimberti, the J.P. leader sacked by Perón in 1973 for proposing the formation of militias, has publicly decried the process whereby the Peronist Left has been transformed from "marvelous youth" to "infiltrators" and "traitors." In September 1974 the J.P., together with the Peronist Working Youth, Peronist University Youth, Evita Group and Union of Secondary Students, joined the Montoneros in a decision to begin "the phase of popular resistance."

The Montoneros' decision to return to armed struggle is significant. During the administrations of Héctor Cámpora and General Perón they had elected to remain under the Peronist umbrella in the hope of influencing events from within. This has proved impossible in a climate of escalating repression: at least eighty Montoneros have been killed and fifty jailed since Perón's election in September 1973. The organization has been forced to return to the field.

The Montoneros were the backbone of Peronist resistance to the military dictatorship from 1970 to 1973, and first gained public attention with the kidnapping, trial and execution of ex-President Pedro Aramburu. Anathema to Peronists because of his brutal "de-Peronization" policies, including dissolution of Congress, repression of unions and the execution of twenty-seven Peronist officers in 1956, Aramburu was dealt revolutionary justice in 1970. Another spectacular act signaled the Montonero decision to pick up the gun again. On November 1, 1974, 47,000 police began searching for the guerrilla team which had bombed the yacht of federal Police Chief Alberto Villar, killing the chief and his wife. Villar was a counterinsurgency expert and torturer who had once been suspended for hiding evidence of torture in Córdoba. Retired by President Cámpora, Villar was reinstated by the present administration. He has been credited with the upsurge in repression resulting in the imprisonment of 827 leftists and the death of thirty-two others between March and August 1974. Roberto Quieto, a Montonero leader, announced in a death communiqué that Villar was responsible for the formation of the AAA and was a liaison with the North American CIA.

The Montoneros have pledged to work with the Trotskyist ERP (Ejercito Revolucionario del Pueblo: People's Revolutionary Army) in future operations "despite serious ideological differences." Perón's death and the escalating repression have driven the Montoneros and the Peronist armed forces (Fuerzas Armadas Peronistas: FAP) back to armed struggle after a sixteen-month hiatus. The enemy now, in a twist, is a nominally Peronist regime.

From the first the ERP has been under no illusions about the nature and direction of Peronism. In the wake of the Chilean coup of September 1973, the ERP signed a joint declaration of South America's Second War of Independence with Chilean, Bolivian and Uruguayan revolutionaries. While initially neutral to Cámpora's Presidency, the ERP nevertheless warned of reactionary influences within the Peronist camp, cautioned against paternalist reformism from above, and stressed the need for structural change at the grass roots. Following the Trelew Massacre of August 22, 1972, when sixteen imprisoned

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and unarmed guerrillas were killed and three wounded in a bogus prison escape, the ERP has maintained an implacable hostility toward the military. Fifty high-ranking naval officers were sentenced to death for complicity in the massacre by the three revolutionary groups most affected: the ERP, Montoneros and FAR (Fuerzas Armadas Revolucionarias: Revolutionary Armed Forces).

ERP attacks against the military are almost a daily occurrence in contemporary Argentina. Last January an ERP unit of sixty guerrillas attacked the Azul army garrison southwest of Buenos Aires, killing the commanding officer, his wife and one soldier. Formation of a rural front was announced by the organization last June and hostilities began in mid-August when ERP units attacked a munitions factory at Villa María, south of Córdoba, and the 17th Infantry Regiment at Catamarca in the northwest. The Catamarca assault failed and the guerrillas soon found themselves surrounded by 2,000 combined police, gendarmes and army anti-guerrilla troops. Sixteen guerrillas were killed after a week's fighting described as the fiercest in 20th-century Argentina. Evidence suggests that many of the guerrillas died while in military custody. The ERP has responded with a campaign to assassinate sixteen army officers. By September the tally stood at seven and recent deaths bring the total avenged almost to par.

In tactical terms these actions demonstrate the effectiveness of the guerrilla armies which now function in large units—no mean feat when one considers the number of support personnel demanded by large-scale operations. In September, Brig. Gen. Alberto Marini, speaking at a meeting of the Argentine Association of Retired Armed Forces Officers, estimated the total guerrilla infrastructure at more than 200,000. Strategically, the ERP has succeeded in increasing the tensions within Peronism and between Peronism and the military. Disaffected militants (the Montoneros, FAP, J.P.) have been driven outside the movement as the political options available to those seeking reform within official Peronism have narrowed. Meanwhile, a ready supply of recruits is being trained and initiated in armed combat. As with the Tupamaros across the Rio de la Plata, the Argentine guerrillas possess considerable technical skill (e.g., underground hospitals, armaments and munitions factories, printing presses, etc.) and are characterized by precise, politically astute actions. More important, however, are their ties with the working class and *Lumpenproletariat* and the collective experience of nearly a decade of guerrilla warfare.

The combined Marxist and Peronist guerrilla challenge will doubtless increase the traditional strains between civil and military authorities. The military has returned to an active role in counterinsurgency activities with the formation of the National Security Committee composed of the heads of the armed forces and powerful civilians. Without Perón's presence the armed forces will be considerably more secure in their self-appointed role as watchdogs of the national destiny. The Battle of Catamarca and the ERP's announced distribution of $8 million in funds to revolutionary organizations in Chile, Bolivia and Uruguay—an act unprecedented in the annals of South American struggle—can only sharpen the confrontation between the forces of revolution and repression. □

PHILADELPHIA'S BROTHERLY DEATH

GUNFIGHTS IN THE GRAVEYARD

J.B. LIEBER

Philadelphia

One sign of urban failure is the vacant lot, razed and forgotten. Another, more horrifying, is the emergence of homicidal street gangs. Philadelphia may be no more craterized than other cities but its gang problem is unparalleled. In 1973, forty-three died in the guerrilla fighting, the highest figure in the country, and the 1974 toll promises to be of the same order. All of the corpses and killers are black.

The "graveyard," 3 or 4 acres of smashed brick and twisted tailpipe, lies at the heart of North Philly, the city's black quadrant. People know how to avoid it. The lot is a no man's land between the Valley gang's turf and that of Norris Street. It is a free-fire zone.

Around supper time one recent evening, mothers set up a loudspeaker on the Valley side. They understood, as did the crowd of thirty or forty, that snipers roam the abandoned houses, called cribs, on the perimeter of the "graveyard." The local strife had claimed eight lives in a little more than a year, and the meeting was meant to protest a recent foray. Earlier in the week, a car from Norris Street had careened through the Valley while a passenger fired a twelve-gauge shotgun. Four small children were wounded at a bus stop.

As in Belfast, raw-lunged mothers decry a life which requires walking children to school, and locking them in the house the rest of the time. Behind in the street, Valley members floated and weaved on "corner-caddies," ten-speed bikes which they hadn't bought with Master Charge. Hard, sleek, and not quite fully grown, they wore T-shirts and jeans, sneakers or work boots. Platform shoes and balloon pants wouldn't work in this world. Hair is pared down or corn-rowed; tiny glass ear studs reflect the light.

A black plain-clothes sergeant from the Gang Control Division stood among the parents with a walkie-talkie. Two others waited in unmarked cars. One of the gang mothers challenged the Valley members to explain the daily fire fights. "You black and they black. We are all

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poor. So why don't you take your damn gang war out to Kensington?" Kensington is the local version of Boston's Southie. Not so long ago, a house had been firebombed there to prevent the first black family from moving in. The gang kids continued to spin mutely in the street.

Suddenly, the crowd twitched. Across the graveyard, four from Norris Street climbed out of a crib and began walking toward us. The unmarked cars hurtled at them, bouncing over rubble. The kids didn't run. Cops emerged guns drawn, frisked them and carted them off. At best, a bad moment was temporarily averted. Six nights later, on Norris turf, Johnny Brown, 17, was assassinated on his stoop on Gratz Street, and Henry Davis, 15, was shot to death as he walked on North Van Pelt, 3 blocks away. The police and the people of both areas suspect that the killer or killers were from the Valley.

Killing engenders a variety of responses from those in and around the gangs. Arnie McNair, 22, sleeps late, because he doesn't have a job and because the Valley doesn't do much until afternoon. McNair attributes his year without work to his gang past. The warring gave him a record; the turf lines made him quit school. Crossing them to get to high school meant regular ambushes. After awhile it became too nerve-racking. His experience is typical. In order to stem the dropout epidemic, a new school probably will rise in the God-awful, but uninhabited and thus neutral, industrial flatlands near the Delaware.

After spending a couple of hours at his girl's place, McNair hit "the Avenue." Columbia Avenue once was black Philadelphia's main strip for food, hock and entertainment. It has always been the spine of McNair's turf. On August 28, 1964, a year to the day after Dr. Martin Luther King announced his dream, one of the decade's first major riots ignited at 22nd and Columbia and eventually engulfed North Philadelphia. The avenue's merchants never returned and the strip remains a boneyard of plywood windows and padlocked grates. But though shoppers have probably gone for good, street life continues. Slack-jawed junkies nod and trade. Gang kids spar, poke about in the rubble and showboat on ten speeds. Plain-clothes police cruise by in a weird flotilla of bread trucks, Lincolns, VWs and old bombs, fooling no one.

On the day I was with him, McNair hooked up with the bunch from Nineteenth and Montgomery, his old corner, one of six in the Valley. An "old head," retired from the wars, he remains influential because he fought "fair ones" for the gang and did his share of rumbling. He still wears a red rhinestone in his ear. Stitches trail under his eye, a memento of the time he caught a brick with his face. McNair vouched for me, but most of the group of a dozen or so dislike the notion of having a writer around. Why, they ask, should I make money off of their lives and deaths?

Sugar Bear Darden, a 6-foot-5 old head who carries a transistor the size of a radiator and looks as though he could throw a strawberry through a locomotive, more than suggests that I come up with some immediate cash. McNair, a half foot shorter, sides with me and the two begin to "grit" each other.

Before the moment explodes, Butch Pruitt decides that I can stay. Butch is the "runner" or leader (he "runs" the corner). Sugar Bear and the others: Roach, Yogi, Doctor Al, Moonman, Dip—their names on a hundred walls—don't press. Butch, 19, coal black, muscular and sardonic, makes clear that one doesn't become a runner by winning bake-offs. "You got," he says, "to know all the dudes. You got to do some time—I did about two years—and you got to hurt some people." Did he ever kill anyone? "I ain't," he responds, "gonna tell you that."

The group, I realize, is a sort of patrol. Butch steers it through the turf's streets, which are among the city's poorest. The pack expects that someone will try to avenge the deaths on Norris Street. Should they spot an enemy on the turf, Butch says, "He's gonna get croaked. No questions asked. That's survival."

While we talk, police periodically pull up to listen. Valley boys draw local heat the way Dillinger drew the Feds. The gang kids sneer, give the cops the finger and complain to me of brutality. Finally, a measure of privacy is achieved behind cyclone fence at the Martin Luther King Center, the grim, futurist pool and playground built over the rubble at 22nd and Columbia, where the riot started. The center was intended to benefit and pacify North Philly, but it benefits only those from the Valley, and pacifies no one. The back fence of the playing area is the Norris Street border, which makes the place almost as risky as the graveyard. Because of the exclusivity and danger, the center is eerily underpopulated. Anyone who plays here does so with skittish awareness that someone could be drawing a bead on him.

Butch and the corner boys foresee continued bloodshed. "We got over on Norris Street by two bodies," says Butch. "They gotta strike back till they get even to keep up their reputation. There can't never be peace while somebody's up." He pauses. "To tell you the truth, I ain't through with them myself. They got a bounty on me, and I'd like to drop a bomb on them all."

McNair, once a Black Panther, lobbies for peace. He talks about black killing black, calls it "genocide, just like heroin." "That's solid," Butch comes back, "but there's been too many bodies to stop." Sugar Bear doesn't want me to get the wrong idea. "Oppression brings this on, man. If whites lived under this racism they'd act the same way." He and McNair keep away from each other for the rest of the day. As for the most recent killings, the corner boys speculate that someone from the Valley decided to retaliate for the kid shootings at the bus stop, but they profess not to know who it was.

Until recently, killings were rare. Through the mid-1960s, the city averaged about three gang deaths a year. Before the violence escalated, the Valley was a complex, multi-leveled society. Each of its six corners had a variety of gang officials in addition to runners. A warlord led the gang in rumbles. There were judges as well as diplomats. The latter, called "check holders," made treaties and organized "fair ones"—weaponless fights between a Valley member and another gang's "jitterbug" to settle inter-turf disputes. Violence, an element of policy, was planned at the top.

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Today, there are only runners, and the gang has no treaties, rumbles, or fair ones. Jitterbugs decide on their own when and how to vent their wrath. The average age of gang killers and corpses in this city is 16½. The corner boys feel that there are fewer officials because police spot leaders for harassment and arrest. Frank Rizzo's articulated policy, both as Police Commissioner and as Mayor, has been to put the gang leaders behind bars. Indeed, in recent years enough have been jailed to organize a turf-by-turf microcosm of the city in all local detention facilities. Curiously, in prison, where it is at least as easy to kill as on the street, fair ones and beatings are the predominant ways of handling conflict.

Leaderlessness explains why jitterbugs make decisions regarding violence, but it doesn't explain their preference for deadly quick "hits." In fact, gang members seem confused by the trend to homicide. The corner boys mainly respond obtusely when I ask about their roles in the war. One, Yogi Bethea, a slight, smooth-faced 15-year-old, shyly admits to being a night shooter, a fact which troubles him. Yogi knows he'll die: "I'll be standin' on my corner. The car'll pull up to me and the window'll roll down. That's the last thing I'll see."

Yogi had mainly kept his nose clean until 1973 when his cousin was killed. "In the old days," he says, "we would've rocked steady, but nobody rumbles now." It wasn't easy to get a gun. He had to break into two houses before he found the .38 which he shares with five others and hides in a moldering crib. Last summer his rage doubled when his corner boy was gored with a file.

With about 300 jitterbugs (14-to-19-year-olds), the Valley is the biggest gang in town. At any given time, perhaps fifty boys are involved in offensive fighting. They're the ones who have debts to repay. Yogi doesn't insist on an eye for an eye; he wants only to hurt, not to kill: "I just shoot in the leg or the ass." Of course at night, when gunman and target are moving fast, it's hard to be surgical. Yogi isn't sure who killed his cousin or wounded his friend. He'll hit whom he can. It's like terrorism anywhere.

Now, Yogi has another problem—a girl from school who lives on Oxford Street turf, just south of the Valley. Oxford Street is Norris' ally in the war. Yogi insists that he's going to see the girl, and knows he'll have to take his gun. "Girls," he breathes, "half start all this trouble."

Arnie McNair senses that Yogi is about to become a statistic. He arranges to take him for a ride in his stepfather's car to Germantown, Fairmount Park, anywhere away from the tension. A Valley jitterbug can't walk safely across turf lines in any direction. "Around here," rues Yogi who needs some time away to collect himself, "you can't hide. Somebody's always watchin' you."

"Dudes' minds," says McNair later, "are getting blowed left and right."

At night, when the rest of the corner boys are in the streets, McNair attends an open meeting called to deal with the new violence. He doesn't expect much of the function, but he thinks there might be a few dollars in it for him.

The crowd of about eighty includes Norris and Valley parents, cops, social workers, a couple of other old heads and no jitterbugs. The setting, the metallic courtroom of north central Philadelphia's police station, isn't the sort of place to which gang kids will flock voluntarily. Though they live only blocks apart, adults from the two turfs avoid fraternizing except in times of crisis. Now they mingle with all the uneasiness and suspicion of families coming together at a shotgun wedding. It seems clear that there can be no real black unity in this city until the gang problem is straightened out.

A hefty business-suited black, Sgt. Hank Frisby, calls the meeting to order. Frisby, who supervised at the graveyard rally, says that the police are doing what they can, they're making the arrests, but that only the community can stop the war. The "community" takes the floor and most of what it says is intensely felt, if predictable. Parents grope for reasons why some kids make it and some die. Jobs, whippings, the Army and the neighborhood are weighed and debated.

Also, they taunt Zack Clayton, City Hall's gang director, for doing nothing. The "$19,000-a-Year Man" as they call him, sits in the back more or less oblivious, and all shoulders. In his time Clayton, now 56, starred in boxing, basketball (the Globetrotters) and baseball (the Negro leagues). Recently, he refereed the Ali-Foreman fight in Zaïre. Dubbed by the press the "Gang Czar," and "Mayor Rizzo's Black Referee," he's a law-and-order conservative like other high-level blacks in the administration. Also, he has a tendency to trumpet his boss in a way that would make Sammy Davis wince.

As parents rage and maunder, McNair and the other old heads put the touch on Clayton for funds for various gang-reform schemes. Clayton says that he'll see, but probably the money won't be available. Almost his entire budget is spent on a detail of about twenty heavily armed civilians who ride around in radio cars behaving like police. "All my life," says Clayton, a surprisingly soft-voiced big man, "I've had the greatest respect for the police. Police cars can stop those incidents of ugliness." Clayton has no other programs, nor any inkling of why the ugliness has become so bad.

After talking to Clayton, the old heads throw themselves into the meeting. McNair suggests large-scale outings "to get the jitterbugs out of this volcano." Howard Hill, also of the Valley, and Barry Hogan, a Norris Street head, broach ways to bring the gangs together, including a treaty. The social workers seize the moment. The leader, Earl Paterson, glib and a dresser, doesn't deal with McNair's notion but discards mutual attempts at peace as too dangerous. He throws the old heads a bone: "But whatever you dudes want to do yourselves is cool with us."

The social workers unveil their plan: neighborhood surveillance. They parcel themselves and the parents into walking patrols which Paterson terms "crisis teams," and arrange to buy arm bands and walkie-talkies. McNair and the other old heads are turned off, and won't come back. As it turned out, the radios receive little use. Apparently, the volunteers come to realize the hazards of strolling about with such fancy gadgets.

After the meeting, Sergeant Frisby cruises in his unmarked Dodge. He expects Norris Street retaliation because it's the pattern and because tips have been phoned

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in. Frisby has a reputation for knowing more about the violence than any other cop on the force. Philadelphia gangs first received national attention in 1970 when then Police Commissioner Rizzo testified on them before the House's Select Committee on Crime. Frisby appeared with Rizzo and supplied most of the details.

A likable man in his mid-30s studying toward a sociology degree at Temple, Frisby is a good bibliographic source and interesting talker. The Cheyenne, he says, dealt better with their anti-social "dog soldiers," than this society does with its gangs. The sort of cop who likes to make a solid pinch, but isn't a thumper, he's currently senior sergeant of the ninety-man Gang Control Division. He sees gangs as fulfilling the same collective needs more usually met by scouts, teams and families.

However, he can't explain the killing wave. As we pass the lots, bars and cribs, he says that the cause can't simply be economic, as the violence has reached similar proportions in relatively comfortable sections in West Philly and Wynnewood. Nor does he know why gang killing has been an all-black phenomenon. My own impression, after some investigation, is that the city's handful of remaining white gangs are engrossed in their initial heroin period. Perhaps they're a few generations behind the young blacks, who increasingly seem to disdain the drug.

It's a fairly warm night, and the North Philly people appreciate it on their porches. Frisby waves occasionally to oldsters he's known all his life. Two decades ago, when

Photo by Earl Dotter

he came of age on Oxford Street, it was allied with Norris against the bigger Valley, as it is now. Frisby, who had jobs and police in the family, stayed out of the rumbling. But he knew the north central Philly gang kids, their haunts and habits. As we prowl Norris and Oxford Streets, the Valley, Twelfth and Poplar, and Zulu and Morocco turf, much jogs his memory. Often his high beams catch "Cornbread," the city's most popular scrawl. That original king of the walls, he notes, grew up to die in a recent bank robbery. Frisby's major fear is that current gangs will ripen into hard-core criminal clans. As of now, the corners mainly confine themselves to boxcar pilfering and occasional rapes and strong-arms, but he says that some of the more talented young triggermen have been moonlighting as enforcers for big-time pushers.

Everywhere we drive, Frisby's subordinates are out of their cars questioning gang kids, locating leaders, doing their job. Other modes of surveillance include monitoring letters the jailed gang figures send to the street, and developing informers. "Philadelphia gangs," says Frisby, "are about ten years ahead of gangs in other cities. Not just in violence. They don't identify themselves with 'colors.' Sometimes you'll see an earring, but that's all. So we have to watch them closely. Get to know them personally." Frisby checks periodically with the other cops. They report that all the jitterbugs are on the right corners.

Next we proceed to the graveyard, where the Norris Street members were apprehended on the night of the mothers' rally. Frisby surprises me by mentioning that those jitterbugs were unarmed. Why, I ask, couldn't they have come to the rally? Perhaps they would have deplored or explained the bus-stop shooting persuasively. Maybe Johnny Brown and Henry Davis would still be alive. Frisby says the policy is to bust anyone on hostile turf for his own protection. But I still don't think that the Valley members would have gunned down unarmed kids from Norris Street with parents and cops around.

This night, like most others, has brought reports of gunfire in the graveyard. Frisby circles again and again, but a watched lot never boils, and the beams light up only heaps of garbage in the windowless ghost houses. Frisby, who gets a lunch break, suggests an inexpensive steak in West Philly, but the radio blurts that a 16-year-old shot on South Street lies in critical condition in Graduate Hospital, and that a suspect was arrested fleeing on a bike.

The sergeant wants more than statistical information from the victim. As we blow past lights, he explains that another South Philly kid, who had been stabbed the previous week, died earlier in the day in the same hospital. So it's retaliation. When we arrive, Richard Taylor is leaking brains on his way to surgery. Nearby his brother and sister try to comfort their mother who isn't responding to sedation. Again and again, she moans that he was a basketball player not a gang kid.

A half hour later, a surgeon matter-of-factly explains to the mother that the bullet has destroyed the nexus between the brain and the spinal cord. Should the boy live he will be paralyzed completely, but able to think. The doctor rises to attend another patient. The mother shakes violently, then vomits into her daughter's lap.

Back in the car, Frisby comments, "They got the kid

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hooked up to a machine; you know what that means?" No, I say, what? "They're keeping him alive for awhile for his organs." Two weeks later, when Taylor dies, the afternoon tabloid will print his portrait surrounded by basketball trophies.

We drive to the main homicide division where they're holding a 17-year-old and the alleged escape vehicle, a bike that's been shammed up to look like a ten speed with gear and brake handles that connect to nothing. The suspect has close-cut hair, an emotionless narrow face, six previous arrests, and three dates of birth (all make him 17). I'm not permitted to hear the interrogation, but it's short and apparently doesn't lead to a confession.

Behind his back, the boy's hands are cuffed in a plastic bag; the police want to check for powder burns. A cop yells to Frisby that they've also got his "pete" in a bag. Frisby wants a look, so we go up to ballistics.

The gun, a Smith and Wesson Police Special, is racked with about seventy other gang weapons, many of which have been surrendered on a no-questions-asked basis. The collection runs from homemades that will blow up in your face to a Thompson submachine gun.

Frisby insists that gang killing isn't a gun-control problem. The city's gun ordinance is sufficiently tight that gang members are almost never able to buy a piece. Their weapons are stolen or taken from home. Very few own their guns—they are gang property.

Back in the car, Frisby records a homicide in his log. Before the night is through, he'll investigate another, as well as several shooting incidents, and we'll hear of a gang knife fight in Germantown Hospital. The steak is forgotten. At 2 A.M., as we return to Gang Control's headquarters, Frisby suggests that he may be hitting his head against the wall.

To its credit, Philadelphia hasn't ignored the violence. Anti-gang-war conferences, reports, bumper stickers and TV spots (young super-flies confined to wheelchairs) abound. The city pays 400 employees—cops, social workers and others—to grapple specifically with the problem at an annual figure in excess of $5 million. Since summer, I've talked to many of these people as well as to journalists and politicians. All seem to be at a loss to explain why the gangs turned to killing.

My impression is that the city's strategy has had a great deal to do with the change. Using the wrong tool can disastrously worsen a mess. One doesn't use a jackhammer to unclog a drain; the United States shouldn't have applied its military to Vietnam. Philadelphia's approach to gang violence has been heavy surveillance. Wrong tool.

The Gang Control Division, which grew from fifteen to ninety officers in the past decade, spearheads the effort, which also increasingly involves members of police in the districts (who receive much information directly from Gang Control), City Hall's patrol force and the social workers. No one would deny that the surveillance has been successful in determining the number of violent gangs, their memberships and leaders, or that it has led to an ever growing number of arrests.

But though statistical information on the gangs is generally sketchy, some figures are clear, disturbing and borne out by the reality of the streets. In 1963, when Gang Control was able to monitor twenty-seven violent gangs, there were four homicides. Reported violence mainly took the form of rumbles, of which there were forty-six. There were only thirteen shootings.

In ensuing years the number of fighting gangs under observation steadily increased. By the 1970s, all 105 were being watched. In the same years the number of shootings rose dramatically and the number of rumbles plummeted. In 1973, there were forty-three gang deaths, 159 shootings, and only seven rumbles.

A gang shooting is fast, low visibility violence. It requires one gunman and a moment under cover of night. By comparison, a rumble is slow and highly visible. Scores of fighters must be drafted from around the turf and funneled to a designated spot where the commotion they create isn't exactly subtle. Effective surveillance makes rumbling nearly impossible. Doubtless, it also accounts for the extinction of fair ones. The result has been a tragic shift to "hits." Where causes of gang violence such as revenge, reputation and territory remain, heavy surveillance doesn't eliminate the violence; it merely speeds it up.

To the black community, in particular, the yearly Attica-scale destruction of young males remains horrifyingly incomprehensible. But, of course, the mothers, lovers and families of Richard Taylor, Henry Davis, Johnny Brown, and all the other wasted 16- and 17-year-olds must be given some sort of explanation, something to go on. The first and last time I saw Johnny Brown, he was wearing a tuxedo and a smile. His Afro had been shaped into a dark halo. The bullet hole in his head was undetectable.

The train of viewers took an hour to file past the brass box. Johnny's mother collapsed; the mother of his two children moaned hysterically. His corner boys took a hard look, then left. In front of the hall, they stood arms folded, beret-clad, ready for marauders from the Valley. Because coffins have been tipped and corpses mutilated, some funeral directors refuse to put up gang bodies. Three prowl cars were on the scene.

The talk of the Norris Street boys is ironic, tragic, familiar. They say they want to stop the war, but that the Valley keeps coming since it's still three bodies down from last year. It's the same, "getting even" line I've heard on Columbia Avenue, but the time standard has been changed. Unanimously, they lament the age of gun war, wish they still could fight fair ones, and wonder why the form has perished.

As in the Valley, the hierarchy has broken down. Even runners have disappeared from Norris Street. Two years ago a cop was killed on the turf by gang kids, and it is likely there is a connection. I imagine it would be impossible to be a runner on Norris Street today, for all the police attention one would receive.

I ask if Johnny Brown's death will be avenged. "It's hard to say," says Barry Hogan, 25, the old head who went to the police station meeting, "Johnny had a lot of friends." Hogan, back from prison, has a certain amount of influence and, like McNair, seems to be working for peace. But the jitterbugs will make up their own minds.

Inside the hall, as family and neighbors choke and wail, a small black-robed woman, the Reverend Hattie Hays, belts out the undying Baptism of the Deep South. "Don't cry mother, don't cry father," she commands. "This is

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not a sad day but a happy day. You loved little Johnny, but Jesus loves him more." People shout "amen." Some fall to their knees.

"There are trials and tribulations for our boys out there," she continues. "And more will fall. More will fall for God is callin'." The explanation eases the heart if not the mind. The wailing rises until it shakes the hall.

Two weeks after the funeral, a body which had been dragged is found on Sixteenth Street, the border between the Valley and Oxford Street. Apparently, the boy, a 17-year-old from Oxford turf, had gone into the Valley looking to make a hit and had been shot instead. He could have intended to avenge Johnny Brown, or maybe he had another score to settle. It's unfortunate that he couldn't have found himself a rumble or a fair one. Chances are, he would have survived it. □

OIL & INFLUENCE

THE RUSH TO THE SEA

SEN. ERNEST F. HOLLINGS

Washington

Just about a year ago, the United States pulled its head out of the sand far enough to open one eye. What we saw was the hazard in a domestic energy policy based upon an insecure source of high-priced fuel—the Middle East. If only we had dusted the sand from the other eye, we might have perceived other hazards right here at home, hazards associated with a do-nothing national energy policy shaped to confer special favors on Big Oil. The dangers of such a policy are now only too clear, with the nation running out of money, running out of oil, running out of clout and running out of time.

If we took an honest look at ourselves, we would see a nation whose President (both past and present) is so obsessed with détente that we have become unable to compete. We are outproduced, outtraded and outnegotiated at every turn. We've given away our food, our technical know-how and our weapons at the drop of any foreign nation's demand.

Who would have supposed that the Arab countries could have thrown the United States into such a tailspin? In fact, they have not done it alone. The Arabs could never have succeeded without very substantial help from the folks in charge in Houston and Washington—the multinational major oil companies, with Secretary of the Interior Rogers C.B. Morton and Treasury Secretary William E. Simon following the time-honored tradition of giving the oil companies everything they want, and making the American people pay through the nose.

It's easy to point the finger at the OPEC nations as a scapegoat for our own domestic failures. But the Arabs are only using their economic wealth in a logical and powerful manner. It's the one weapon they have, and the multinational corporations which deal directly with them respect it. By contrast, our own so-called energy leaders have been pushovers for Big Oil. Rogers Morton hasn't kept secret his feelings about the oil companies. In August 1973, while briefing oil executives in the White House, Morton said: "Our mission is to serve you, not regulate you. We try to avoid it. I have tried to avoid regulation to the degree that I possibly can."

We can look not only at what the Administration says but at what it does. The closest thing we have to a national energy policy is a bag of tricks designed to preserve the vested interests of the energy industries. For example, Nixon, Ford and a succession of energy "czars" have given lip service to energy conservation, but as soon as the Arab oil embargo ended they took care to avoid using the tools which could make conservation work. We're supposed to reduce oil imports by a million barrels a day, but without a gas tax, without rationing, and without mandatory fuel economy standards for new cars.

We're supposed to fight inflation with WIN buttons, and we're reminded that fuel costs are the single largest factor in rising prices. But we're also supposed to sit back while the Administration works to de-regulate the price of natural gas, an act which by itself would add as much as $10 billion annually to inflation and the nation's energy bill, mostly in windfall profits for the oil companies. We're supposed to balance our need for energy with our desire to protect the environment, and this energy/environment balance is supposed to be achieved preeminently in the new proposals to tap the nation's greatest single energy treasure: the outer continental shelf. That energy boondoggle demands the closest scrutiny of all, because it is the best present example of the determination of the Department of the Interior (with apparent White House blessings) to give away public resources.

The outer continental shelf and its storehouse of resources has been a subject of legal controversy for many years. After much bickering between the states and the federal government, President Truman issued in 1945 a proclamation declaring that the United States regarded as federal property all the "resources of the subsoil and seabed of the continental shelf." Congress modified this position in 1953 by passing the Submerged Lands Act, which granted to the states jurisdiction over offshore lands out to the 3-mile limit. Congress then established federal control for everything beyond 3 miles through the Outer Continental Shelf Lands Act.

Today, government experts believe U.S. offshore undiscovered oil and natural gas liquids to be between 64 billion and 130 billion barrels and undiscovered off-

Ernest Hollings, a member of the U.S. Senate since 1966, is chairman of the Senate National Ocean Policy Study and of the Commerce Subcommittee on Oceans and Atmosphere. He wrote the Coastal Zone Management Act and is the sponsor of legislation to create an Energy Policy Council in the White House.

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shore natural gas to be from 395 trillion to 790 trillion cubic feet. In terms of present domestic consumption, the riches of the outer continental shelf are truly beyond measure.

The Department of the Interior now proposes a mammoth increase in leasing these offshore lands to the multinational oil corporations in one of the biggest potential giveaways of all time—without environmental protection, without a fair return to the public for a publicly owned resource, without concern for the potential oil pollution to our beaches, without regard for the feelings of the coastal states, and without any requirement that the oil companies share with the government and the American people the information they have about these resources.

The Administration and the oil companies claim they must go pell-mell this year into the Gulf of Alaska, the Atlantic and the Pacific to increase domestic oil supplies. These are the areas we know the least about, and they are among the toughest of offshore areas to exploit—even tougher under some conditions than the stormy and turbulent North Sea. And the sites chosen by Interior also lie off some of the most heavily used beaches in the United States: for example, Southern California; Long Island, N.Y.; Rehoboth Beach, Del.

The Interior Department grudgingly admitted in November discussions with coastal state Governors that the 10-million-acre leasing program targeted for 1975 just might not be attainable. But Interior dismissed the oil industry's own admission that it couldn't handle that much because it doesn't have the drilling rigs or the men to work them. The industry also lacks the capital to bid on 10 million acres at the prices these leases have been bringing lately. But there remained the big question of whether Interior would take whatever the companies offered—even if the price per acre were substantially below previous bids.

It is now obvious that the U.S. Geological Survey, which regulates the oil companies on the tracts after they are sold, also could not supervise an additional 10 million acres. The safety inspections and the oil spill prevention regulations may have tightened up since the disastrous Santa Barbara blowout of 1969, but recent reports by the National Academy of Engineering and the General Accounting Office indicate that the Geological Survey still has a long way to go before it can assure the American people that offshore oil operations are using the best available technology and the best safety practices. (During the second session of the 93rd Congress, the Interior Department lobbied long and hard to defeat a bill, S. 3221, imposing tough new standards for offshore oil development which passed the Senate anyway.)

The coastal states which recognize that theirs is the responsibility to cope with the onshore consequences of federal leasing, aren't prepared to handle 10 million acres worth of offshore development. Texas has estimated that expanded federal leasing of that state's coast will cost state and local governments each year $62.1 million more to provide public services and facilities than the oil industry will pay to the economy in increased taxes and other revenues. A 1973 Louisiana study found that federal offshore oil had cost that state $38 million the preceding year.

Texas and Louisiana don't oppose offshore oil development, nor do many of the states bordering the so-called "frontier" leasing areas. But they do know that they will need to plan ahead in order to absorb these costs without sacrificing other values. All the coastal states are developing programs to manage their coastal zones under the Coastal Zone Management Act of 1972. Once they are completed and approved by the Secretary of Commerce, these programs will be the guiding force for all coastal development, including any development spurred by offshore oil. The federal leasing program will have to be consistent with the state plans. The Interior Department obviously doesn't wish to wait for the states to finish the coastal zone management programs; Mr. Morton says the nation's hunger for oil prohibits delay. Yet ironically, or perhaps knowingly, the Nixon administration held up the funding of the Coastal Zone Management Act for a full year, causing that much delay and more in the states' efforts to get set.

If the Department can't sell 10 million acres, it will nevertheless hold six lease sales this year, including four in the "frontier" areas of the Atlantic off New Jersey and Delaware, the Gulf of Alaska, and off Southern California. Secretary Morton says we must have more wells offshore, despite the fact that already some 4,000-odd wells in the Gulf of Mexico are shut-in and nonproducing. Many of them could produce oil in paying quantities. The Department says the number of shut-in wells jumped in the last few years only because the Geological Survey changed its definition of shut-in wells. That explanation recalls the refinery situation a few years ago, when there was a lot of public concern about whether or not the oil refineries were doing all they could to turn out needed oil products. The American Petroleum Institute suddenly changed its definition of refinery capacity, and just as suddenly all the refineries were operating at 102 per cent of capacity! Apparently the rule of thumb is, when the definition doesn't fit the real situation, change the definition.

One of the major oil companies used to have a public relations advertising campaign consisting of a series of ads built around the phrase, "We'd like you to know. . . ." But the problem is, there's so much they *don't* want us to know, so much we *need* to know. And what we already know is enough to convince me that a successful energy policy for this country must begin by decoupling the oil interests from the policy makers. The companies apparently take their text from Lord Palmerston: "We have no permanent friends, we have no permanent enemies. We have only permanent interests." But the nation also has permanent interests.

The national interest in energy policy can best be determined by an Energy Policy Council, which would be set up in the White House under legislation which has passed the Senate no fewer than four times. Each time, lobbying by the oil companies and the Administration successfully blocked the bill in the House. This council would correlate all data that are necessary to an energy policy, and then oversee the implementation of a national strategy.

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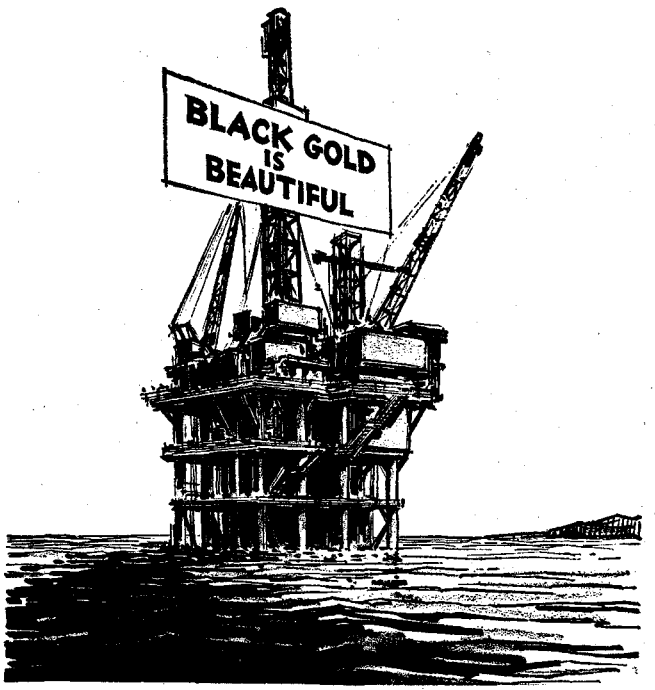

Conrad, Los Angeles Times

There is no one solution to the energy problem, so we must move forward deliberately on all fronts. For one thing, we must make conservation work. If we really want to reduce oil imports, without adding to the inflation now harassing American families, then we'll have to ration gasoline. I'm convinced we can do it fairly, and without inviting a black market situation. After all, if we made all our decisions about passing new laws on the basis of their potential for violation, we'd never pass any laws at all. We can use the tickets we had printed last winter, giving each driver a certain amount of gas each month. People who have tickets left over can sell them to those who need more, at any price the market will bear.

Next, we should require the auto makers to improve the fuel economy of their new cars. Legislation is now before Congress to accomplish this, and auto engineers readily admit that such economy is feasible.

We should move faster to improve public transportation. Our nation can no longer rely almost solely upon the private car for commuter transportation. We should adopt new regulations to encourage the maximum efficiency in the insulation of new homes and provide tax incentives for owners to improve the insulation in existing houses. We should adopt a realistic schedule for the conversion of generating plants from oil to coal, while at the same time requiring rigid environmental standards at such plants.

We should stop bickering about natural gas price deregulation and legislate a better regulatory system which would include a realistic base price and an annual inflation clause. Such a formula would provide a profit generous enough to encourage gas developers, while guaranteeing a fair and reasonable price for the consumer.

We should establish a true Manhattan Project in nuclear fusion and coal gasification with the same kind of national determination that produced the atom bomb in 1945. We should proclaim the oil of Teapot Dome and Elk Hills reserved for national defense needs, but state candidly that the present emergency warrants drilling in Naval Petroleum Reserve Number 4 in Alaska right now. That oil, along with oil in fields in the Gulf of Mexico, can be brought to the consumer a good two years earlier than anything along the Atlantic seaboard.

And finally, we should delay Atlantic and Pacific and Gulf of Alaska frontier area leasing as a matter of good business judgment. Before we lease those areas to oil companies, we should consider an experimental pilot project of government-sponsored exploratory drilling—perhaps in the Atlantic off New Jersey and in the areas off Southern California. Our government and our citizens deserve to know what we have before we lease it away to Big Oil. The oil companies are pleased by the prospect of acquiring so much leased land: buy low, sell high; postpone production and watch the price go higher. Stretch out the timetable for drilling, but send the available equipment overseas. Thus, the 10-million-acre leasing program is a fraud on the American public. It will produce no energy in the next few years when we need it. It will only divert our attention from the sources which have already been found and which could be developed immediately.

Clearly, the problems of offshore drilling and energy supply demand a national ocean policy. If we accept the predictions of the experts, the oceans, not the land, will provide the United States with the great bulk of its petroleum energy supply between now and the year 2000. As land reserves are slowly exhausted, the oceans' untapped oil and gas will help fire the world's economy. At the same time, the oceans' other resources, particularly the living resources, must be preserved. But today, with shortsighted leadership, the oceans of the world are a mammoth chessboard in our international game of détente. What happens today when a productive oil field is found beneath lucrative fishing grounds which could help feed the world's starving? What happens when drilling rigs must be built in the center of busy shipping lanes, or when pipelines carrying oil pass through an estuary vital to the life cycle of fish and shellfish? What if a prime piece of coastal land is the target of competing development plans by both refinery builders and recreational interests? Who plays traffic cop for all these interests? Who mediates the public interest and the special interest? The answer is nobody.

The oceans will make or break life on this planet. They are the ultimate life support system. And yet the United States is as blind as the rest of the world to the importance of the oceans. While we play a game of international cat and mouse in attempting to establish a new body of sea law at the United Nations, our own national interests are being ignored. The time has come to protect these interests by establishing a strong, independent ocean agency or department within the federal government. The need for such an agency has been widely recognized by ocean experts for many years. The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), now part of the Commerce Department, is the logical nucleus for the new entity.

The oceans show signs of growing weary under the burden of man's assaults. The Mediterranean is dying; the Black Sea is dead. And throughout the world, prolific fisheries no longer produce the tonnage they once did

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because of blatant overfishing by huge factory ships which sweep the seas like vacuum cleaners.

Outer continental shelf oil is an important crop, but it is a one-time crop. Our offshore oil must be harvested, but with care and concern about the future and about the world our children will inherit. Life was born in the ocean and evolved in the ocean. The ocean offers life and energy. Men of good will and wisdom now recognize that our future path leads to the ocean. The Age of Environment and the Age of Energy meet at the sea. They can live together, or they can end there. A reconciliation seems indicated. □

ETHICS & POLITICS

THE STATES LEAD THE WAY

BRUCE ADAMS

Washington

For too long the country has looked primarily to the federal government to solve its problems. In the last two years, the wisdom of this reliance on Washington has been shaken by vigorous and creative state responses to Watergate and similar state scandals, while the federal government has done little in this area. Progressive Republican administrations in Michigan and Washington, among other states, provide sharp contrasts to the anti-reform national Republican Administration. The gap between the Democrats on Capitol Hill and their state and local counterparts is even more striking.

Before Watergate exploded, the grass-roots-elected delegates to the 1972 Democratic Convention sensed a declining public confidence in government. They took aim at what John W. Gardner, chairman of Common Cause, has cited as the reasons for this state of mind: "The two chief obstacles to responsive government are money and secrecy: the scandalous capacity of money to buy political outcomes, and the bad habit of doing the public's business behind closed doors." The delegates wrote into their 1972 platform some prescriptions for the malady: an end to seniority and secrecy, full personal financial statements, public financing of elections by 1974, and rigorous disclosure of lobbying.

The timeliness of these convention pledges soon became apparent. In Texas, the Sharpstown bank scandal led the voters in 1972 to throw out the Governor, the Lieutenant Governor, the Speaker and half of the legislature. Nixon and Agnew were re-elected, but Agnew was soon buried in a probe of lesser Maryland political figures, and McCord and Dean began to talk. Scandals gobbled up politicians in Oklahoma, New Jersey and Illinois.

Did elected Democratic officials act on the prescient promises made at their 1972 convention? Well, yes and no. In Texas, the new Democratic legislature enacted a sweeping package of reform legislation. In Maryland, the Democratic General Assembly passed measures requiring financial disclosure and public campaign financing down to the local level. New campaign laws were enacted in Oklahoma, New Jersey and Illinois. In fact, since November 1972, forty-six states have passed significant legislation aimed at cleansing their political processes of the evils of money and secrecy.

Congressional inaction on most reform issues contrasts bleakly with the wave of reform now sweeping the states. While Democratic Governors and state legislators have acted boldly for the changes pressed by citizens' groups, Congressional Democrats have spent the last two years performing Houdini-like escapes from accountability on critical reform issues. It is no wonder that the Harris poll reported in September that Congress had fallen to yet another new low in public esteem: fewer than two in ten Americans now express "a great deal of confidence" in Congress.

To overcome the traditional American disdain for state government, it is useful to set recent state accomplishments alongside some parallel federal failures in matters of campaign financing, conflict of interest, lobbying and open government.

Campaign financing. Sen. Russell B. Long of Louisiana has said that a campaign contribution is "bread cast upon the waters to be returned a thousandfold." Few will deny that the line is narrow between a large campaign contribution and a bribe. A Maryland engineer testifying at the trial of a since-convicted and deposed Baltimore County executive has described the system that brought down Agnew as "a soft criminal syndicate in which political contributions are the initiation dues and kickbacks the sustaining membership. Public officials are on the receiving end."

The power of officeholders draws campaign contributions as a magnet draws iron. Common Cause has shown that, under the present system, Congressional incumbents of both parties receive more than twice as much campaign money as do their opponents. This imbalance has created essentially a single incumbency party that rules on Capitol Hill virtually unaccountable to average citizens.

Watergate, with its satchels of cash, led Congress, reluctantly and belatedly, to enact a strong federal campaign financing law that will take the Presidency off the auction block. The new law provides for public financing of Presidential primary and general election campaigns, extensive and timely disclosure of campaign finances, contribution and expenditure limits and a potentially independent commission to enforce the law. (Unfortunately, both Democratic and Republican Senate leaders have used their commission appointments as political

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plums. This suggests a lack of Congressional enthusiasm for strict enforcement. President Ford is rumored to be considering use of the commission as a retirement home for defeated members of Congress.)

This federal effort contains one crippling failure. The bill passed by the Senate covered both Presidential and Congressional elections, but when it reached the House that body applied an incredible double standard by voting for public financing of Presidential campaigns but against public financing of Congressional campaigns. The Representatives understood that public financing would mean more competitive elections and that was certainly too much reform for them. Therefore, with millions of dollars in private gifts released by public financing of the 1976 Presidential election, the special interests will be in a position to dominate the next Congressional races as never before—unless the Congress quickly provides public financing for Senate and House races.

Meanwhile, of the eight states with public financing laws, Maryland and Minnesota have moved out in front of Congress by mandating public financing of state legislative candidates as well as candidates for statewide office. The incoming Governors of California and New York are pledged to comprehensive public financing, as are a number of incumbent Governors. Congress may fall still further behind the states in 1975.

Conflict of Interest. It should surprise no one that direct theft from the public till is a rare crime today. It never really was necessary. As former New York State Sen. George Washington Plunkitt, a Tammany district leader at the turn of the century, explained: "The politician who steals is worse than a thief. He is a fool. With the grand opportunities all around for the man with a political pull, there's no excuse for stealin' a cent." Plunkitt advised public officials to buy land in advance of public projects and then cash in on their foreknowledge. This year, a political ally of Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley was convicted of doing just that. Scores of recent convictions in Maryland, New Jersey, Texas and elsewhere prove that conflict of interest and corruption are still pervasive in government.

Only strong legislation vigorously enforced can dispel the prevalent belief that cronyism and corruption are inevitable warts on the democratic system. The first step toward ending conflicts of interest is to require full personal financial disclosure. This would enable citizens to determine whether their elected officials act for the public good or for personal gain. More than thirty states have such laws; nineteen of which, including most of the stronger ones, have been enacted in the last two years. Some state of Washington officials took a tough disclosure law to court, threatening to resign if it was not overturned. When the U.S. Supreme Court declined to review the State Supreme Court's decision upholding the requirement, few officials actually quit. Sixteen states—from Alabama to Wisconsin—have created independent ethics commissions to enforce conflict of interest laws. Thirteen of them did so in the last two years.

Once again, state activity stands in bold contrast to federal inertia. Little meaningful ethics legislation was enacted by the 93rd Congress. Top federal officials are now required to report certain financial holdings, but almost none of the information is public. The Senate has twice passed comprehensive financial disclosure requirements, but the House has failed to go along. The detailed disclosures required of Vice President Nelson Rockefeller far exceeded what members of Congress require of themselves—another instance of the double standard.

There are federal prohibitions against certain conflicts of interest, but they are inadequate, and there is no mechanism to enforce them. So Senators with substantial investments in the oil industry vote on the oil depletion allowance; members of the House Banking and Currency Committee moonlight as bank directors. The continuous interchange of personnel between industry and key government regulatory agencies, such as the Federal Energy Administration, has hamstrung these agencies. In May, a Harris poll showed that 76 per cent of the public agreed that "too many government leaders are just out for their own personal and financial gain." Congress doesn't seem to care.

Lobbying. The techniques have changed a great deal since the golden age of graft when Mark Twain commented: "I think I can say, and say with pride, that we have legislatures that bring higher prices than any in the world." Special interest groups no longer buy entire legislatures, but they continue to spend enormous amounts of money to build good will with public officials. Gifts are seldom made in exchange for votes, but they give lobbyists access to public officials that the average citizen does not have.

Lobbying is a carefully guarded right of a free people. Nevertheless, the magnitude of special interest lobbying requires its full and timely disclosure. "Otherwise," as former Chief Justice Warren pointed out, "the voice of the people may all too easily be drowned out by the voice of special interest groups seeking favored treatment while masquerading as proponents of the public weal."

Sixteen states have tightened lobbying disclosure laws or enacted comprehensive new statutes since November of 1972. The toughest of these laws is the California Political Reform Act of 1974. Known as Proposition Nine, the act was petitioned to the ballot by Common Cause and other citizens' groups. The voters approved it in June by more than 2 to 1, despite the active opposition of business and organized labor. The law requires monthly expenditure reports by lobbyists and their employers who attempt to influence legislative and certain executive branch decisions. Lobbyists are prohibited from contributing to political campaigns and are limited to spending no more than $10 per month on any public official. Tough penalties are enforced by a strong, independent Fair Political Practices Commission.

The loophole-riddled 1946 federal law pales in comparison with the new California law; lack of enforcement compounds the problem. One observer of the Congressional scene recently noted that the federal lobbying disclosure law "is enforced as strictly as the rule barring football fans from bringing liquor into the stadium." The Congressional clerks charged with enforcing the law have neither the staff nor the inclination to do the job. Seven state lobbying laws are enforced by independent com-

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missions charged solely with enforcement of lobbying and other ethics legislation.

The federal law covers only attempts to influence Congress, even though some of the most effective and pervasive lobbying today is directed at executive departments and regulatory agencies. Eight state laws cover such lobbying. Federal Energy Administrator John C. Sawhill required FEA officials to log their contacts with lobbyists, as is done in Massachusetts, and took other steps to open up the decision-making process regarding energy policy. For this and for proposing policy alternatives, President Ford showed him the door. It is a fact of life in Washington that the federal regulatory agencies have been captured by the very industries they are supposed to regulate. Is it any wonder that a 1973 Harris poll found that 74 per cent of the people believe that "special interests get more from government than the people do"?

Open and Accountable Government. Secrecy is the most convenient way to keep power out of the hands of the people. In the words of James Madison: "A popular government, without popular information, or the means of acquiring it, is but a prologue to a farce or tragedy; or, perhaps both." Public bodies that make decisions behind closed doors and by secret votes breed the suspicion, often well founded, that private interests are being served.

Florida's Sunshine Law of 1967 triggered a national movement for strong legislation on open meetings. The law is simple and to the point: meetings of state and local governmental bodies are to be open to the public. By vigorous enforcement, Florida has made a reality of government in the sunshine.

States from Kentucky to Texas to Pennsylvania have enacted comprehensive open-meetings laws in the last two years. Major states such as New Jersey and New York that had been noted for their closed legislative processes have recently adopted legislative rules that increase public access to committee meetings. In more than fifteen states, at least some political party caucuses have been opened to the public.

Again, this sunshine in the states reflects harshly on the federal government, where citizen activists have become accustomed to the closed door. There is no comprehensive federal open-meetings law for Congressional and executive bodies—today only four states share this dubious distinction. Secret meetings, executive privilege and classified files are a way of life in Washington.

As a result of an open-meetings rule adopted by the House in 1973, House committees have seen more sunshine in the last two years than in their previous existence. However, powerful committees, such as Appropriations, have continued to meet in secret. Most Senate committee bill-drafting sessions and House and Senate conferences remain behind closed doors. Earlier this year, a committee chaired by Rep. Richard Bolling of Missouri proposed a reorganization of the jurisdiction of House committees to enable the House to respond to the realities of the 1970s. Despite the fact that the House committee structure had not changed substantially in twenty-eight years, the Bolling reform was stalled by a secret vote in a closed Democratic Party Caucus and later killed by the vested interests and senior Representatives who profit from the *status quo*. No wonder that fewer than two Americans in ten give Congress a positive rating.

The state reforms are uneven in quality and effectiveness, but they are a foundation of constructive achievement on which to build. It will take, for example, more than the "100 days of reform" promised by New York's Governor Carey to bring open and accountable government to the state that Common Cause President Jack T. Conway calls "one of the most secretive, unresponsive and oligarchical in the nation."

But the Governors understand the need for constant pressure for reform. Last June, the National Governors' Conference adopted a Resolution on Ethics in Government that stated, in part: ". . . the first obligation of every elected official in this nation is to lead the fight to restore citizen confidence in government." The Governors called for loophole-free campaign finance regulations, stringent ethical codes, timely disclosure of personal finances by public officials, open meetings and full disclosure of lobbying activities.

If the states continue to take the lead on such important issues while Congress sits back, the federal government's credibility will be undermined still further, and the flow of power back to the states that began with small doses of revenue sharing will quicken. Washington-based political prophets in increasing numbers will trek off to the Statehouses in search of Presidential material. That ought to shake those Senate dilettantes who weigh every action with the mansion on Pennsylvania Avenue in mind. But who will goad the Senate and House power brokers to change their ways?

Will the cries for cooperation from the progressive new Governors move the federal Establishment to do something about political corruption, economic crisis and resource shortages? Will House Speaker Albert be moved by the landslide victory of Oklahoma Gov. David L. Boren, whose clean-government campaign was symbolized by a broom? Can Massachusetts Gov. Michael Dukakis (and his Lt. Gov. Thomas O'Neill III) force House Majority Leader O'Neill to come up with an alternative to the Administration's energy plan? Can President Ford fail to pay attention to the reform-minded Republican Governor of Michigan, William Milliken, who hung onto his job in the face of a Democratic landslide?

David S. Broder, one of the most thoughtful observers of today's political scene, believes that the nation's Governors and Mayors *will* act as powerful levers on Congress this year. He notes that, unlike members of Congress, state and local executives must deliver essential services and balance budgets. "It is their pressure, more than Mr. Ford's gentle pleas, that may finally get this Congress to act responsibly on the economic problem," Broder adds.

With state government setting the pace in such fields as political reform and with Governors and other state and local officials and citizens' groups demanding action on the economic front, it is possible that Congress will put an end to its escape from accountability and come to grips with the major issues of the day. The Governors expect Congress to develop and present to the nation coherent and responsible policy alternatives to those of the Administration. The people expect no less. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Art that Vanishes at Dawn

KILENGE LIFE AND ART: A Look at a New Guinea People. *By Philip J.C. Dark. St. Martin's Press. 132 pp. $16.95.*

BURTON BENDOW

The Kilenge comprise no more than 1,000 people clustered in five villages on the western tip of the island of New Britain. They still live much as their ancestors did, still spear fish in the lagoon, raise taro in clearings in the bush, take to sea on occasional trading voyages, and are always glad of an excuse to have a *singsing* (pidgin English for a ball that often lasts until dawn). But more and more they are affected by the great powers that lie beyond the reach of their fragile sailing canoes. Philip Dark was disconcerted on first being admitted to the men's house—or rather to a stretch of beach near it that was also *tambu* to women (another pidgin word introduced by the English, from the Polynesian *taboo*)—to find a copy of *Time* magazine. On the cover was a picture of Alan Shepard. And he had to explain to a people now eager for the latest news bulletin that the astronaut had not yet, at that time, reached the moon.

Ever since Father McSweeney established a Catholic mission after World War II, the Kilenge go to Mass every Sunday and send their children to a school run by Irish sisters who teach them songs about Killarney. The old religion is either neglected or put to strange uses. Mr. Dark was told that the most sacred rites, those initiating adolescent boys into manhood, had not been performed for ten years. And when they were performed as a favor to him, the Divinity, represented by a dancer elaborately masked and gowned, did not evoke the customary awe. Women and children, forced to wait outside the village during the ceremonies, openly expressed their impatience. And the women, once forbidden to watch on pain of death, peeked.

Some time later another masked apparition, this one quite unprompted, rushed at Mr. Dark, spear in hand. But it was only a *tumbuan* (or proclaimer of taboos) ordered by the chief to forbid the collection of coconuts for a period of a few weeks. The chief knew that a government agent was due to arrive shortly and wanted to be sure that the copra crop was large enough so that every man could pay the head tax. The Kilenge used to honor a divinity named Pora until he made them work too hard (perhaps a former chief was hand in glove with the white man). Then they grew so angry that Pora had to flee to Australia. He is said to have died there, revived, and gone to America, where he now manufactures rockets and airplanes among other things—an ambivalent comment on the value of modern industry and a shrewd one on the decline of Great Britain and the rise of the United States as a world power.

The neglect or repudiation of the old ways, the adoption of the new, the effort to compromise between the two—these have been going on since Europe first planted her flags in the Pacific archipelagos. Malinowski, writing of the Trobriand Islanders as they were during World War I, describes a culture still intact but gravely threatened. Margaret Mead reports on the Manus both before World War II and some twenty years after it; the change was drastic but, according to her, for the better. Indeed, this war with its invading hordes of Japanese and Americans provoked a crisis in the affairs of many Melanesian tribes. At the time I happened to be second mate on a schooner bound for Australia which anchored every evening in a different harbor along the New Guinea coast. And even to me, untrained in ethnographic observation, unfamiliar with the life of the islands and restricted to the briefest of visits at each stop, every village presented some striking instance of cultural conflict.

Somewhere on the shores of the Huon Gulf I too came upon a masked dancer brandishing a spear. He was capering grotesquely around a very low fire for the amusement of a circle of small boys. He may have been a traditional bogeyman; but the way they watched him, all grins and wide eyes as though witnessing some breath-taking audacity, suggested that he may have been a figure to inspire real terror in times past.

Farther east the crew and I were greeted by a native missionary who wore a gold pince-nez and a dinner jacket over a pair of ragged shorts and who very formally introduced us to his wife. She, in complete contrast, was naked except for her grass skirt and responded to the crew's obvious admiration with a boldly appraising stare. Here the children sang a song they were sure would please us, with words that were clearly incomprehensible to them and nearly so to us, so bad was their pronunciation:

Some talk of Alexander
And some of Hercules,
Of Ajax and Lysander
And such great names as these. . . .

On the south coast the missionary couple was Samoan. (For some reason the Samoans took to Christianity like ducks to water.) Both man and wife were remarkably handsome and had the most regal bearing I have ever seen. They despised the Melanesian children, enforced a strict classroom discipline, taught them to speak real English, sing hymns and recite homemade patriotic verse:

This is our native Papua;
This is our wonderful land;
(The next line I do not remember)
And it's wondrous and grand. . . .

At a *singsing* on an island in the Torres Straits we were provided with quantities of *tuba* (a coconut firewater produced at an illegal still which the Australian police winked at as long as they were kept in liquor), and straw mats to pass out on. Some thirty stalwarts with spears, former headhunters I was told, lined up three deep and danced to the beat of the drums. And every time thirty right feet stamped in unison we could feel the earth tremble beneath us. An old woman came out and sprinkled powdered lime over the heads of the dancers. When I asked the chief what this sprinkling was for, he replied with the utmost gravity that it represented "the love of Christian brotherhood."

The island of Daru, just east of the Fly River delta, served as a penal colony for Melanesians and also, as it happened, as a spiritual prison for five sisters who had had the misfortune to be born of a white trader and a Melanesian woman. They were all unmarriageable, though the two youngest were still very pretty. They spoke disdainfully of the natives, never let on that the black servant who

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waited on us at dinner was their mother, and reserved their favors for white men only—one of them showed us her year-old baby by a white "fiancé." As a change from the local Australian police we were most welcome. They had gotten themselves up in silk gowns, high heels, lipstick. They flirted, giggled, made sly innuendos, and then laughed too loud. And not ten minutes after we had all set out on a polite after-dinner stroll, off came the high heels and they were showing us how they could husk coconuts with their bare feet.

But the most violent clashes in the racial struggle I am happy not to have witnessed, for this was the time of the so-called cargo cults. In one uprising the Melanesians are said to have beheaded some twenty Samoan missionaries—I can see why. Elsewhere they took to worshipping the Devil because he was black and opposed to the white man's God. In one village they murdered a white trader because he would not or could not, despite their threats and entreaties, call back the little steamer that used to stop every month and supply them with trade goods—the shipping line had discontinued service because of the war. And though they brought fresh flowers to the murdered man's office and arranged the bills of lading on his desk just so and copied all the other forms of his powerful white magic, no steamer came.

We too, citizens of the wealthiest and most powerful nation in the world, have had our race riots. We have seen blacks' hair straightened and whites' hair bobbed and frizzed at the beauty parlor. We have met small-town boys in the big city talking of Alexander with Melanesian incomprehension. We have heard factory hands lower their voices in fear and consign the masked gods in the office, like Pora, to the ends of the earth. These phenomena are universal, to be found at all times and places where one clan or class or nation imposes its will and customs on another. No doubt the Kilenge have been lucky. They did not suffer very much during the war and are now protected from the worst ravages of civilization by a benevolent Australian administration and the benevolence of the sisters and Father McSweeney (they call him "the smiler"). But where there is so great a disparity between the white man and the native, the bomb and the spear, the sermon and the *singsing*, we might reasonably expect to find some of our own dissatisfactions, some aches and pains we can recognize.

Dark responds to all this with a bland detachment. He calls his last chapter "Change from Without" and observes the symptoms at every turn and reports them faithfully on almost every page. But he chooses to ignore the disease. A chief's wife puts on a bra and blouse for her weekly appearance in church, and he smiles a McSweeney smile. Or he mourns the passing of the old faith and broods, as every good man must, on the rape of the defenseless. But his lament is largely professional, a regret for the disappearance of his subject matter. For he is in the anthropology business and so necessarily an antiquarian. Actually his traveling companion, Joel Maring, is the anthropologist and linguist here, whose job it is to record what remains of aboriginal custom and sift out the pure word from the pidgin. Dark is a specialist in primitive art and deals in artifacts. He catalogues the various kinds of product and the traditional patterns. He takes notes on the materials and techniques in use and interviews those who use them—the women mostly concerned with personal adornment; the men, especially the highly esteemed master artists, at work on masks, house posts, canoes and drums. And he makes some attempt to describe the occasions for which these things are made, the rituals, housewarmings, boat launchings and many other kinds of festival, each with its appropriate forms of costume, song and dance.

Fortunately the *singsing*, considered a harmless diversion by the authorities, is still a going concern and the heart of Kilenge social life. It is an event eagerly anticipated and prepared for, usually a strenuous all-night affair that leaves everyone exhausted. Presumably it is rich in those survivals from the past that interest Dark and in all those arts that he enumerates and some that he does not. Indeed, it is the major art to which all the others contribute and the reason for their existence. And some account of it would interest us as well, especially the partygoers among us who wonder what joys are in store on receiving an invitation.

Again Dark takes in only the surface. He is preoccupied with the carving of drums rather than the beating of them. He describes the elaborate finery but not the spirit in which it is worn. Does it serve as a badge of rank or wealth? Are the shell armbands put on as invidious diamonds or merely as costume jewelry? The girls' faces are scarified in various patterns, each one with a name; are these patterns prescribed or a matter of taste? We never learn. (The different motifs painted on canoes do seem to be associated with the clan of the owner.) Beauty must be the primary purpose here, for the basic distinction of the *singsing* is sexual. Either the men stage mock battles while the women watch or lines of women sway provocatively before an audience of men. And Dark dutifully jots down the names of these dance steps and includes a few pictures of village beaux and belles. But on the subject of male rivalry, feminine coquetry, courtship, or love, he is as reticent as any Victorian minister.

As for the masks, whose style and workmanship Dark discusses at some length, what effect are they meant to have? What myths are the maskers reenacting, what roles are they playing, how are they received? Some masks, tall cylinders painted in abstract designs, are faceless and therefore look sinister. Others, surmounted by plumes, have a courtly or dashing air. Still others suggest a carnival mood. None of them has the supernatural intensity of the squinting fretwork objects from New Ireland or the staring owl-eyed masks from the Sepik River region of New Guinea. Perhaps the Kilenge were always light-hearted. Perhaps their performances, once solemn rites but now under the eyes of "the smiler," have degenerated into masquerades—much as Christmas has with us. Perhaps certain festivals were once more warlike or more orgiastic. Such speculations are beyond the bounds of Dark's assignment. And he is frankly tired and ready for bed. The drumbeat is monotonous, the music interminable. The words are meaningless to him but, he reflects sadly, they are probably the rags and tags of half-forgotten sagas and mean nothing to the Kilenge themselves. Or else, when he sees the girls in skirts of trade cloth giggle at two crones wearing old-fashioned grass skirts and shuffling in the old dance routines, he smiles.

At one point he almost confesses that the Kilenge spirit eludes him, that it has an inconvenient habit of vanishing at daybreak. This is in his opening statement of purpose. Some such initial flourish is needed in a book of this kind to assure all concerned—reader, publisher and those who have paid for the research—that they will be getting their money's worth. But notice how he shrinks from the first person and the active voice, how he sketches a hypothesis baldly contrary to fact and then retreats into verbiage. "It was felt that, if a suitable, relatively untouched people, actively producing art, could be located, it would be possible to study their art and language and determine the domains of each, the nature of their artistic symbolism and how art functioned in their culture." Once this embarrassing moment is over, he settles into more comfortable prose and unblushingly recounts his "personal impressions." The weather was bad, the

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sea was rough but mercifully he was not sick, the missionary at the station gave him an excellent dinner and a lovely Melanesian maiden waved goodby—just as though he were a casual tourist and not a trained observer who had lived with the Kilenge for more than a year.

To these reproaches Dark can justly reply that he never intended to be profound. He meant to write nothing more than a short, light essay introducing his photographs, which are the important thing. The text of his book is only 23 pages long. The photographs, 245 of them, take up 83 pages. And they are more than enough. Though not in color, they give a vivid idea of the Kilenge palm groves and lagoons. They show the workaday village occupations, as well as the many different festive occasions that call for full regalia. And they cover every kind of Kilenge art object, completed and in the making, with overall views and well-chosen details.

They even include a few samples of the work of neighboring tribes and of earlier Kilenge work now in museums. But, space being limited, there are not enough of these to allow Dark to point out similarities and differences, trace influences or draw comparisons. His comments (though longer than mere captions and therefore inconveniently separated from the plates they explain) are, as always, brief. He has no more desire to characterize this art than he does to describe the people who produce it. His aim is to exhibit it—that is the first step. And it is well worth looking at, more abstract than representational and more ornamental than expressive, and so best exemplified by the designs painted on canoe prows and sterns, handsome variations on a strict convention. In effect, Dark is the collector and curator who provides the material for art historians to come. And his photographs are a very welcome addition to what André Malraux has called "the museum without walls." □

Of Politicians and Just Folks

JERRY FORD UP CLOSE: An Investigative Biography. *By Bud Vestal. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. 214 pp. $7.95.*

CHILTON WILLIAMSON, Jr.

I learned as much about Jerry Ford's *curriculum vitae* by reading *The New York Times* "Man In The News" column as by reading the present work, but the campaign biography is an essential part of the crusade that sets an administration upon its legs. Vestal's punky book assures me that, even if I never got the chance to vote for President Jerry, his recent spectacular elevation to the Pantheon of Thirty-eight was not wholly unattended by the cultural orthodoxies.

Ford is a subject admirably suited to Vestal's style of portraiture. He is precisely the sort of clay duck on which the late Richard Nixon was wont to draw a bead as he campaigned the fairgrounds, beating the tents for Middle Americans. That is to say, he is a man with the psychological structure of one who believes and accepts, and with a gyroscope in his gut that keeps him pointed always toward the accepted platitudes of his class, race and milieu. As with Nixon, one of the formative influences in Ford's life has been football: speaking as Vice President at a football dinner in Chicago, he expressed a wish to "take the whole United States into the locker room between halves" to explain to it what's right with America. Like the average citizen of Yorba Linda, as well as like the most notorious, Ford wields the shaky syntax of politicians and just folks: "For standing here at my side, as she always has, there are no words to tell you, my dear wife and mother of our four wonderful children, how much their being here means to me." Apart from the code of the gridiron, the major moral influences of Ford's youth were of the supper-table variety. His mother and "Dad Ford" piously avoided bibliophilia but were long on sampler homilies, uplifting community sentiments and church-supper fervor. Such values as these things represent have, it appears, been successfully passed along to the third generation—one of the President's sons has chosen to become a dentist because "A dentist can be his own man." Thus the White House moves stolidly into its sixth generation of midcult since the Squire lolled in his library at Hyde Park.

Jerry Ford was born in Omaha, Neb. July 14, 1913, to the wife of a wool trader from Montana, from whom she was divorced when Jerry was 2. Number two husband, whom Ford always regarded as his real father, was Gerald R. Ford, a paint salesman from Grand Rapids, Mich. At the University of Michigan young Jerry played football and maintained a solid B average; at Yale he coached football and boxing and maintained a B average at the Law School, where he carried a half-load each semester. In 1940 he put up $1,000 to found, with Harry Conover, a modeling agency in New York; Ford himself modeled for *Look* magazine. In 1941 he was admitted to the Michigan bar, and set up practice—as a specialist in labor law—with Philip Buchen. But the Pearl Harbor unpleasantness interrupted his legal plans, and after a stint of whipping thousands of overfed and underexercised Americans into naval aviators, Ford got a berth on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific theater; in 1945, at the age of 32, with ten battle stars on his bosom, he returned to Grand Rapids and moved in with his parents. Back home, he became involved with a good-government movement known as "the Home Front," dedicated to cleaning up the mess in Grand Rapids. In 1948 he successfully challenged a very isolationist U.S. Representative—his naval experiences, he claimed, had made him into an internationalist—and got married to Elizabeth Warren, who had studied dance with Martha Graham back East at Bennington College. When he and Betty departed for Washington, he "took an empty briefcase; he had no pet bill or bold legislative program and no illusions about changing the world in one term. Mere survival in office would be accomplishment enough the first few years."

Once ensconced in the Capitol Building, Ford decided that being Speaker of the House was certainly "the best job in town" and set about trying to grab it off. He established himself early on as the House's expert on defense-spending budgets and, together with Representative Nixon, made anguished noises when the scandal in the Federal Housing Administration was not covered up. In 1963 his "career consultants," Reps. Robert Griffin and Charles Goodell, decided that Ford had no chance of deposing old Charlie Halleck, the Minority Leader, and got Jerry elected instead as Conference, or Caucus, Chairman. Two years later Ford, in the midst of a party rebellion against the Republican Old Guard, received the nomination for Minority Leader over Rep. Melvin Laird—who had had the bad fortune to have been the platform chairman of the GOP's 1964 convention—and was elected to that position. By 1974, Ford, seeing no possibilities of a coming Republican revival that would be necessary to make him Speaker of the House, was planning retirement. "I never neglected," he told Vestal, "an opportunity to be prepared for the next step. Put it that way."

Chilton Williamson, Jr. is an editor at St. Martin's Press.

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James Reston has pronounced Ford's legislative voting record "not funny." Bud Vestal may not be the man to challenge Reston on many things, yet he succeeds in proving that the President's record is not wholly that of a barbarian. "In his first year," according to Vestal, "Ford cast what the ADA considered to be a liberal vote on 13 per cent of the bills studied. This rating went up to 30 and 40 per cent in the early 1950s, 60 per cent in 1955, 57 per cent in 1956, and culminated with 67 per cent in 1966." In the course of his career, Ford voted on the side of those Representatives who wished to reduce the power of the Rules Committee over legislation; who wished to preserve Truman's Point 4; who opposed Senator Kerr's bill to lift federal regulation on natural gas prices; and who opposed, in 1957, a Southern amendment crippling a Civil Rights Commission that was intended to assist the Attorney General with civil rights matters. It was not until 1967 that Ford began to produce acute acidosis in members of the liberal community. In that year he voted against a $1.75 billion appropriation for the Office of Economic Opportunity; against a Model Cities program; and against federal funds for rat control. In 1969 he voted for state control of poverty programs. By 1971, Ford was voting 87 per cent of the time on the side of the Conservative Coalition and had established himself as an unhumorous flintstone in the eyes of ADA members, environmentalists and union members.

His Democratic and labor constituencies concluded that the relatively liberal man they had elected back in 1948 had regressed into conservatism. Vestal's interpretation of Ford's career is more perceptive: "Ford remained consistent while the mood of the time veered liberal and some politicians moved with that mood." Most instructive, perhaps, is the fact that Ford, besides thinking of himself as "an internationalist in foreign affairs," also regards himself as "a moderate in domestic affairs and a conservative in fiscal matters." This distinction, of course, recalls President Eisenhower's famous remark about the virtues of being liberal in human matters but conservative in fiscal ones. That dictum was one of the cardinal tenets of so-called "Modern Republicanism," today forgotten, save perhaps by Nelson Rockefeller. Ford, it may be argued, is an unreconstructed "Modern Republican." Charles O. Jones has written, in his *The Minority Party in Congress*, that "the House minority party in 1966 and 1967 attempted to take greater advantage of its strategic position than ever before in this century. This is not to say that minority-party members have not been innovative or clever or positive in the past, but the minority party itself never had organized to the extent that it did in these two sessions to influence the process of majority building." The fact is that neither Ford nor his opposite number in the Senate, Everett Dirksen, had any real alternatives to propose to Lyndon Johnson's poverty programs, in which they saw some good. As Minority Leader, Ford tried to create what he called "positive Republican alternative programs."

Vestal washes Ford's face for him in numerous instances, being generally careful to point out which of the stains suggest more than an innocent football scrimmage. Ford has been chairman of the House Republican Campaign Committee, with the result that evil rumors have attached themselves to him. Vestal finds none of these rumors compelling (neither, it should be mentioned, did the Senate committee which investigated Ford upon his nomination for the Vice Presidency). Similarly, he is convinced that Ford displayed more naïveté than villainy in his dealings with Winter-Berger, the Washington lobbyist. Probably the least attractive of Ford's activities was his attempt, in 1970, to get Justice William O. Douglas impeached. Ford professed to be horrified that Douglas should have been receiving a $12,000 retainer from a foundation with unsavory ties, and his horror was embodied in one article of impeachment. But most of the other articles concerned books, or short pieces, that Douglas had written and which suggested themselves to Ford's oilcloth mores as inflammatory and obscene. For a time, he carried about with him a copy of *Evergreen Review*, in which appeared an article by Douglas juxtaposed with a picture of a naked female in all the splendor of her parts. This magazine Ford would open to the appropriate place for the delectation of newsmen. Though the Senate had recently turned down the Carswell and Haynsworth nominations, Ford denied that the White House had put him up to this naughtiness. His claim, however, that he was attempting to head off an ultraconservative lynching bee seems somewhat disingenuous. And Vestal offers plenty of evidence to suggest that Ford's Vice Presidency was the reward of his loyalty to the Nixon administration.

At the time that he wrote his book, Vestal guessed that Ford, as President, would prove "Fair to adequate, most likely." Yet in a televised news program on August 7, Vestal suggested that "We might get some benign neglect from the White House." He believed that if Ford "just sat in the White House and let Kissinger coddle the Arabs and Israelis, delegated economic policy to competent and honest men, told the truth to the people and raised taxes on economic fat cats, he could become a folk hero."

As I suggested, campaign biography has its limitations. □

'Don't Review, Don't Go on TV'

A SMALL PERSONAL VOICE: Essays, Reviews, Interviews. *By Doris Lessing. Edited by Paul Schlueter. Alfred A. Knopf. 171 pp. $6.95.*

ELLEN CRONAN ROSE

It is significant that the title of Knopf's compilation of the hitherto uncollected nonfiction of Doris Lessing almost duplicates the title of one of the essays in the collection. Almost but not quite. In 1957, Lessing contributed a piece to a writers' symposium *(Declarations)* edited by Tom Maschler, a collection of the "what I believes" of John Osborne, Colin Wilson, John Wain and other current English writers. Lessing's contribution was entitled "The Small Personal Voice." Knopf's collection of Lessing essays, reviews and interviews is called *A Small Personal Voice*. The change is minor but meaningful. Grammatically the editors have merely substituted the indefinite for the definite article. But this grammatical modification makes critical claims which the book cannot sustain, and which I think and hope Lessing herself would repudiate.

The small personal voice, one discovers if one reads Lessing's 1957 essay, is the voice of the artist, of the novelist talking "as an individual to individuals." It is, moreover, the voice of the humanist, whose conversation rests on "a faith in man himself." But Knopf's small personal voice is particularized. It is the voice of Doris Lessing, which bears witness—according to the book jacket—"to the strength and authority of her beliefs and insight." The poet has been translated into a prophet, a process which has characterized public response to Lessing ever since publication of *The Golden Notebook* in 1962.

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In her 1971 preface to a reissue of that novel, Lessing bridles at the persistent and wrong-headed misreadings to which it has been subjected. "I have been in a false position ever since . . . [it was published]," she complains, because the book was taken up by partisans in the sex war and has now—witness its inclusion in the syllabuses of "women's studies" courses—become as necessary as *The Second Sex* to the education of a liberated woman. "I believed," she says plaintively, "that in a book called *The Golden Notebook* the inner section called the Golden Notebook might be presumed to be a central point." "The essence of the book," she maintains, is "the organization of it."

Over and over, in these essays and interviews, the small personal voice of the artist whispers. Trust the tale, not the teller. A poem should not mean but be. Lessing's "major aim" in writing *The Golden Notebook* "was to shape a book which would make its own comment, a wordless statement: to talk through the way it was shaped." Rendering life is the Sisyphean endeavor of the artist; translating it into words is the activity of politicians and critics.

So Paul Schlueter, a critic who has cornered Doris Lessing as his mentor Harry T. Moore cornered D.H. Lawrence, has assembled the words of Doris Lessing and served them up for our enlightenment. Most of the pieces in the book already exist as clippings and Xeroxed copies in the files of other academics—"The Small Personal Voice," the interviews with Roy Newquist, Florence Howe and Jonah Raskin, the review of Vonnegut's *Mother Night*, the early essay on "Being Prohibited" (from South Africa). But it is not the supererogatory work of Schlueter and Knopf that I protest; $6.95 is not too much to pay for readable copies of the writings one has painfully assembled over the years, especially since *A Small Personal Voice* contains a few things the American reader might not have read before—reviews of the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* and Isak Dinesen from the *New Statesman*, an essay on Sufism from *Encounter*. What I mind is the substitution of the particular voice for the generic, the perpetuation of the myth that Doris Lessing is a philosopher, prophet, spokesman for our times.

But partially to exonerate Messrs. Schlueter and Knopf, it must be observed that Lessing has let herself in for the misapprehension that baffles and angers her. She granted the interviews, wrote the reviews, pretended to expertise if not wisdom on extra-aesthetic matters. That she should have done so is almost inexcusable, given her clear-sighted awareness that this activity cheapens and betrays the true function of the artist. In 1963 Roy Newquist asked her for "advice to young writers." Her answer was swift and unequivocal: "Don't review, don't go on television." Why? Because it is "better to try and remain what we should be—an individual who communicates with other individuals, through the written word."

In the preface to *The Golden Notebook* Lessing confesses that the frustration of having been taken up by ideologists, of having the true shape and meaning of her novel willfully distorted to serve political ends, leads her to wonder, "so why write novels?" The novels she has written answer that question. *The Golden Notebook*, the five novels which comprise *Children of Violence*, *The Temptation of Jack Orkney*—these are perdurable testaments to the courage of the individual confronting a society whose disorder and hostility Lessing depicts with wonderfully precise metaphors. In them she has rendered life in the only way the artist can, through the medium of her own sensitive response to the condition of being human. No analysis, not even her own, can even faintly approximate the truths these novels contain.

"I would not write," says Lessing in the afterword to Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm*, "if I didn't know that nothing we can say about ourselves is personal." The paradox of the impersonal personal is at the center of great art. The artist "breaks through the personal, the subjective, making the personal general, as indeed life always does, transforming a private experience . . . into something much larger." That is why the small personal voice of the novelist Doris Lessing is so much more resonant than that same small voice, individualized, magnified and finally exposed like the voice of Oz by Paul Schlueter and Alfred A. Knopf. □

CAVES

I watch you harden
slowly
to stone, tied in your armchair.

Your eyes
are hollows in a wall.

I want to live inside you, the way
darkness lives
crouched
at the bottom of a lake.

When you hunt for yourself
in caves
I want to be darkness
hanging upside down inside you.

I want to suck light from your bones.
When you look for your face
I want to be your reflection.

Jean Feraca

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

During one of the Frantz-Swanilda spats in *Coppélia*, Gelsey Kirkland beckoned Mikhail Baryshnikov to dance, and he, surprised by Swanilda's change from anger to conviviality and somewhat hangdog about his insensitive treatment of her, responded with a gestured, "Who, me?" This response befits a bumpkin like Frantz, and coming from one of the great virtuosos of our day, it also qualifies for the best in-joke of 1974. As such, it was symptomatic of the disconcerting aspect of the Christmas Eve performance in which Kirkland and Baryshnikov made their New York partnership debut with American Ballet Theatre. On the one hand, there was beautiful dancing and new facets of personality to enjoy. Baryshnikov seized upon the role of Frantz, a country boy none too bright but well-intentioned, to prove that the *premier danseur noble* is also a card. *Coppélia* is also Kirkland's first venture into comedy. She is a gentle, adorable comedienne and probably could have been even more beguiling had Baryshnikov's slips into mugging not forced her to counteract at times with fey instead of honest charm. Bemused acceptance of her sweetheart's flaws was Kirkland's handle to the part, and it easily withstood three acts of time.

On the other hand, this *Coppélia* was split into two unsatisfactory parts: vague background reactions from the ensemble and very public private exchanges between the two leads and between them and the audience. American Ballet Theatre's production of *Coppélia* is so frumpy that any decent lead couple could walk away with the show. Kirkland and Baryshnikov tended to walk away *from* it. Piling one bit of horseplay on another, in the interests of rapport, I suppose, they wove themselves into a cocoon for two until it seemed as though they were staging a ballet out of a ballet. At times their self-created ballet seemed to be about themselves backstage, at other times invented in the heat of performance. Baryshnikov's "Who, me?" looked as though it had started as a rehearsal joke. Another of their big sallies had the queasy feel of overreaching spontaneity. He had the bright idea of

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mimicking ballerina frilliness just as Kirkland was about to begin her main dance. In response, she mimed an, "Oh yeah, bigshot, let's see you do it." As the audience laughed, delighted to be let in on this extra-*Coppélia*, intra-personality joke, Kirkland was inspired to continue her retort to his teasing much as a stand-up comedian continues to stand as long as the audience laughs. On television the fun of impromptu behavior and its substitution of playing oneself for role playing is that it makes people seem human in a dehumanizing medium. The Kirkland-Baryshnikov shenanigans could be fun to those who regard ballet as a dehumanizing medium and *Coppélia*'s choreography something to wheedle around.

Or to concoct. Male solos are often pasted together to show the particular dancer's particular specialties. The practice is unfortunate because it precludes legitimate composition for men except by chance, but having stemmed from the days of Petipa and before him from Saint-Leon, *Coppélia*'s first choreographer, it has become enough of a tradition to save such self-styled solos as the ones Baryshnikov danced from being offensive. They were in fact thrilling. But women's dances are set. Thus, when Kirkland's Scottish dance borrows from Alexandra Danilova's version for the New York City Ballet, the American Ballet version, an unknown source, and from as far afield as Balanchine's *Tarantella*, one must assume that Ballet Theatre is willing to let lead dancers do what they want, so long as they end with the music. Needless to say, Kirkland and Baryshnikov could never have used *Coppélia* as a platform for the Frantz and Swanilda show had a supervisory eye been on them.

When dancers move from the realm of characterization to that of doing the steps, they can depend on absolute standards of technique to save them from bright ideas. But even here choices must be made. Sometimes I think one learns more about a dancer's personality from these choices than from the characterizations of name parts. Although most of Swanilda's dances in the ABT *Coppélia* are extremely showy, Kirkland glides right through their razzle-dazzle dynamics. She consciously gives each step of each phrase equal value, trading color and even an aspect of musicality for limpidness. The ability to sustain a balance *en pointe* is slightly sacrificed to purity of line. Elevation is tempered by a desire to conceal from the audience preparations for jumps (so her jumps are always literally breath-taking, not because they are so high, but just because they happen). There is little that Baryshnikov has to trade for something else—except perhaps ten slippery turns for eight rock-solid ones. He, too, is of the school that advocates concealing preparations for jumps and turns, and insists upon proper line above everything else. They are purists through and through, and even when Baryshnikov gets bright ideas about steps, he can turn them into paragons of classroom perfection. He invents steps—like a midair scissors motion with his legs right after a midair turn—and he executes them with such muscular and musical rightness that they immediately earn a place in the choreographer's dictionary. Like Kirkland's interest in and ability to make grounded movements as lucid as possible, Baryshnikov's pride is in making visible the climb into the air. Both dancers approach rubato cautiously, well aware that it can become the poor man's expression of musicality. Occasionally, however, Baryshnikov retards for a split second the rising arc of a jump. Whoever heard of midair rubato? It was unimaginable until Baryshnikov came along.

If Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo lived up to its intentions, aficionados of low humor as well as of dance would be able to find rare pleasure in this ballet company, especially when one of its presentations is *The Rugcracker*, featuring, among others, Olga Tchikaboumskaya doubling in Act I as Hildegard Sacher-Torte and an Attendant Flake (of snow). This drag ballet group is in business to put straight companies, sexually and otherwise, out of business, but the program notes are the only item to take aim at targets, let alone shoot them down. The fact that the ballerinas are men might be a cause of humor, but the company uses this tack sparingly, aspiring to a more pertinent and inciteful love attack on ballet. In *The Rugcracker*, the only drag humor was the Marzipan variation, for three giggly, hairy-chested men in the décolleté tutus. As a measure of the rest, it was one of the funnier moments. The intent is to poke fun at types of characters, styles of choreography, librettos and scenic conventions, but what came out of this bundle of delicious possibilities was foiled opportunities and rank amateurism, down to a poorly edited music tape. In the party scene everyone stood around waiting for someone to crack a joke. The snowflake scene showed exactly two signs of intelligence, one a parody of synchronization between choreography and music, the second a parody of glistening snow. (The Attendant Flakes' hands shook glisteningly instead.) Not even one lousy snowflake dribbled down, and the magically transformed prince looked like one of the three stooges but, alas, did not act like one. Act II, a timidly tin-foiled rendition of the Kingdom of Sweets, was a series of boringly choreographed dances too ineptly done to be funny. Tamara Karpova, the Sugar Plum Fairy, was so intent on doing a real *pas de deux* that the distinction between imitation and parody became uncomfortably obscure.

One goes to *The Rugcracker* with hope that it will further enlighten one on *The Nutcracker*, or at least make it impossible to sit through without giggling. A subsequent experience with the City Ballet *Nutcracker* was no less and no more wonderful than it has always been, and I didn't laugh once unless Balanchine wanted me to. This year's innovation is eight baby gray mice, who help their parents fend off soldiers. The adult mice are developing interesting personalities. One is very confused, a head scratcher; a second comes to a skidding halt upon entering the battlefield and may be called the Jackie Gleason of the unit; a third is a whiner. This season the mouse king's *rigor mortis* sets in more dramatically than ever before. In a few seconds flat, the mice and their king out-Trockadero the Monte Carlo "ballerinas." □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

In 1938 the French Surrealist poet, actor, director, dramatist, madman of genius, Antonin Artaud, published a collection of essays, *The Theatre and its Double*, in which he declared that the traditional theatre of the West was not truly theatre because it had become little more than "a subordinate branch of the history of the spoken language." It was a theatre of dialogue, and he would have no more of it. "The stage," he insisted, "is a concrete physical place [which has to be given] its own concrete language, intended for the senses, and independent of speech. . . . There is a poetry of the senses as there is a poetry of language." And this "concrete, physical language . . . is truly theatrical only to the degree that the thoughts it expresses are beyond the reach of the spoken language." As for "words," if used at all, they would be employed on the stage to create "a music in their own right according to the way they are pronounced, independently of their concrete meaning and even going counter to this meaning—creating beneath language a subterranean current of impressions, correspondences and analogies. . . ."

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The language of the theatre was "music, dance, plastic art, pantomime, gesticulation, intonation, architecture, lighting and scenery. . . . *Mise en scène* [physical staging] is much more than the written and spoken play. . . . A theatre which subordinates *mise en scène* to production . . . is a theatre of idiots, madmen, inverts, grammarians, grocers, antipoets, and positivists—i.e., Occidentals."

Artaud was "well aware that the language of gestures and postures, dance and music, is less capable of analyzing characters, revealing a man's thoughts or elucidating states of consciousness than is the verbal language, but whoever said that the theatre was created to analyze a character, to resolve the conflicts of love and duty, to wrestle with all the problems of a topical and psychological nature that monopolize our contemporary stage?"

The theatre projected by Artaud harks back to one of "ceremonial magic." He cites the example of the Balinese dance with its exquisite, thoroughly disciplined "language of signs, gestures and attitudes having an ideographic nature." But the *content* of Artaud's envisioned theatre is something entirely different in its "ceremony" than that of the ancient hieratic modes in any Oriental theatre. Artaud's spirit is entirely contemporary.

Artaud, as Grotowski has noted, presents a paradox: "it is impossible to carry out his proposals. . . . Does this mean he was wrong?" Grotowski asks, and answers "Certainly not." But Artaud (who died in 1948 at the age of 52) left no concrete technique behind, no method. "He left visions and metaphors."

He also exercised an "influence." Barrault professes to have followed in certain of Artaud's tracks. In America too there have been more or less gifted "disciples" whose productions are a composite of Artaud fragments, together with borrowings from Grotowski and scraps of native design. Surely all the talk about and attempts at "nonverbal theatre," along with "total theatre," owe something to Artaud's utterances. But the only effective and nearly complete application of Artaud's inspiration I have thus far seen is Andrei Serban's "Trilogy" (recently shown at the La Mama Experimental Theatre Club and no doubt soon to be given elsewhere in the country), a trilogy consisting of *Medea, The Trojan Women* and *Electra.* The *Medea,* effectively done several years ago in the more suitably confined crypt-like space in the basement of the La Mama premises, is, to quote the playbill, "based on the Ancient Greek of Euripides and the Latin of Seneca." *The Trojan Women,* is called "an Epic Opera composed by Elizabeth Swados, conceived and directed by Andrei Serban, based on the Ancient Greek of Euripides." The *Electra* is "Based on the Ancient Greek of Sophocles."

The pleasure and excitement provided are largely visual. There is nothing superficial in this: what we see is often dramatically meaningful as well as beautiful. The boat which sails for Greece with its royal cargo of Trojan women, the rape of Helen and others, the "frieze" of women victims as they stare mutely (no longer suppliant) into the eyes of the Greek soldiers, the scenes of spoliation of persons and property are moments not easily forgotten. At the same time torches flare and fire makes odd patterns.

There are some magnificent voices, nobly handsome masculine faces, attitudes and gestures of acute expressiveness. The music which sometimes serves to mark crucial moments changes at times to chants of Greek and Mideastern notes. Certain sounds are ritualistic and incantatory, others (especially the female) are hisses, hoarse cries, ululations of extreme distress, anger, murderous ferocity. (The actors have clearly been subject to rigorous and unusual vocal training.) And with it all there is a constant flow of movement on all sides and above us; in the first part of *The Trojan Women,* the actors surround us, pass by us so that we become almost indistinguishable from the mass. We are witnesses though not participants in the sadistic and sanguinary proceedings.

There is a certain classic elevation in portions of the spectacle but the keynote of the whole is horror and pain. This in a way is consonant with the essence of Greek tragedy, which is not as serene as we are often led to believe, but one of savage violence. There is a difference, however, between what the Serban trilogy offers and what we gather from reading the original dramas. In Serban the violence is enacted in our presence: in the Greek theatre violence—except for such sights as Oedipus' bleeding eyes—always occurs off stage. (It is *ob-scene.*) Serban's scenes of cruelty are on the whole "aesthetically" conveyed; they are never repellent nor are they truly rousing. In fact, they are barely moving. It is all still only a "show"—an original, an impressive and certainly a highly talented one—yet a show. Depths are suggested but rarely plumbed.

The structure and dialogue of the original plays are not strictly adhered to, but we probably could not understand what was being said if we knew Greek and Latin. We feel the lack of living speech even if it were only vouchsafed us in translation. The pure theatricality of the event does not finally affect our inner being, wrack us with pity and terror. We see a very fine, refreshingly new and at times enchanting graph of familiar (though "alien") myths.

What is real and utterly contemporary in the occasion is the basic impulse or tendency of the effort. It strives toward a Stygian darkness, an atmosphere of frightfulness. (Greek plays were performed in the light!) The infernal is the performance's particular domain. Artaud sensed the downfall of the West: with what fierce contempt and total disgust he refers to our civilization! In his cosmology, the individual no longer is respected; he wished to erase psychological realism from the theatre. The art he sought was that of a humanity *in extremis,* one in which the personal self was to be annihilated. He desired an escape into an epiphany of primordial chaos where the private ego would be demolished.

This was the expression of both Artaud's tormented personality—a mood of exaltation in a Last Judgment—and a social condition, a historical moment: Europe's decay. Andrei Serban, a young Romanian of admirable refinement and masterly gifts, is the offspring of an unsettled, postwar, Communist-terrified

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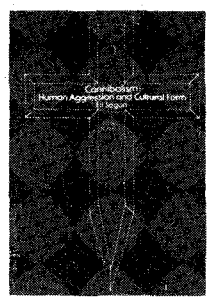

CANNIBALISM: HUMAN AGGRESSION AND CULTURAL FORM

Eli Sagan

Foreword by Robert N. Bellah. "This book represents a combination of disciplined research, theoretical clarity, and moral imagination that is rare in American intellectual life. Mr. Sagan has taken cannibalism—at first sight a most unpromising, indeed repulsive, subject—as a point of departure for careful theorizing and daring speculation on the roles of aggression and love in human life."—Robert N. Bellah, *from the Foreword*

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world which is at the same time hopeful that nothing worse than the present rotten *status quo* will eventuate. (Everything will go topsy-turvy but nothing will change!) Concomitant with this is a scrupulous and sophisticated artistry. What is distilled from the amalgam is part of a semi-conscious religiosity of an appalled and appalling social environment and the formalism of a still relatively protected one, bracing itself with ardent idealism by aesthetic "experiment."

I have a high regard for Serban's achievement. He is one of the most dedicated and gifted directors anywhere, and his trilogy may well prove a seminal work. Among other things that must be praised is the training of his company —nearly all American—which in turn displays an entire devotion to the arduous tasks set for them. In the large ensemble it is difficult and perhaps undesirable to assign individual credits, but Priscilla Smith who is Medea, Andromache in *The Trojan Women* and Electra, Joanna Peled, the Helen of *The Trojan Women* and Valois Mickens, the Cassandra, struck me as especially noteworthy.

I could not help feeling as I left the performance that what I had seen was not yet organic theatre: one which springs from the deepest roots of a community. I wished that all the skill, imagination, wonderfully aspiring endeavor were turned to the uses of a work in our language, based on our own experience, traditions, customs—our own "myths." As I watched the spectacle with rapt attention I imagined I heard a devil whisper in my inner ear, "What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba, that I should weep for her?" □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

William-Adolphe Bouguereau's name has been a symbol of bad official art. Typical of the abuse put on him is E.H. Gombrich's dismissal of one of his paintings as "syrupy, saccharined, cloying." He wrote that twenty years ago, when nobody doubted that Bouguereau existed outside the limits of art. However, his reputation is now in its post-pariah phase and an exhibition of his works can be seen at the New York Cultural Center (until February 2). It is to be hoped that this exhibition will do for him what the Jean-Léon Gérôme show of 1972, originated by the Dayton Art Institute, did for another abused academic: show what the work looks like.

The approach to Bouguereau's rehabilitation varies. Albert Boime, a central figure in the reappraisal of French Academic art, is oddly traditional in his case. He compares the sketch in oils for "Retour des Moissons" and the completed picture in these terms: "Bouguereau has created a world of dense shimmering color where forms begin to lose their substance in surface richness, but which convey the mood of the festive occasion more effectively than his polished style. The end result, by contrast, is rigid and stilted and the energetic technique stultified." The finished picture is at the New York Cultural Center, under another title, "Promenade à âne," which gives a chance to check what is said about Bouguereau against one of his works. Boime, for all his prescience in making the academicians a subject of serious research, seems equivocal here. He is preferring the open and discontinuous brushwork characteristic of a sketch to the comparatively closed and continuous paint skin of the finished work. This is to impose the originally Romantic cult of the sketch on paintings conceived and executed in terms of high finish. Bouguereau, therefore, is being praised for something incidental, something preparatory, rather than for a primary characteristic.

The paint skin does not look "stultified" to me; I see an inventory of transitional tones, running one into another, to produce a surface of delicate animation, though it is smooth and outwardly uninflected. In the finished picture the interrelation of clearly seen forms, a meshing of exactly stated parts, doesn't look "rigid" or "stilted" to me. On the contrary, the composition is a brilliant blend of static and mobile forms: we, the spectators, are given a head-on view of a donkey, surrounded by celebrants of the vintage and ridden by a placid mother and child (a kind of Virgin and Christ-Bacchus). The group is in movement toward us, but the whole is arrested by a supple pyramidal composition; altogether a brilliant invention.

In several other paintings Bouguereau combines advancing figures with the constraint of static frontality. It happens first in "Canéphore," an early work of 1851, in which three interrelated figures approach the spectator, and again in "Homère et son guide," almost a quarter of a century later. Here the blind poet's head is dead center, high up against the sky, starkly isolated by comparison with the intricacies of countermovement in the dog and the shepherd boy who leads Homer toward us. And there are several other paintings which pursue big-scale frontality, though with less complex evocations of movement. The point is that Bouguereau clearly intended to locate his figures at a subtle threshold of spatial intimacy and pictorial composure, an ambitious undertaking which he mastered. This exhibition makes it possible to see such formal and expressive factors, freed of the negative stereotypes that have dogged his reputation.

This show, by Mario Amaya and Robert Isaacson, excludes Bouguereau's sketches and that was certainly a correct decision. The artist is presented in maximal terms with, for the most part, solid pictures intended for showing at the annual salons or, if not these, at least "reductions" of them, smaller variants done by Bouguereau himself. And here we can see that he did not assign a major role to color in his finished works. Local color is held down and the pictures are frequently done in slight expansions of monochrome (blue-green, gray-green, buff), each narrow sample of the spectrum given the most tender articulation on the basis of tone rather than hue. This distancing by reduced color appears, too, in his flesh painting. Although "La Charité" is a partial exception, Bouguereau does not paint flesh in its particularity of color but as a closed unified surface. Thus nudity, which is frequent in his paintings, is less erotic than the proliferation of nymphs might lead one to expect. Such deliberate hesitation between intimacy and distance is a variant on the complex threshold of his advancing frontal figures.

Various factors have contributed to the revival of interest in Academic art. One is certainly discomfort at the complacency inherent in repeating settled opinion for too long. The academics have been repeatedly put down by generations of critics and historians and, at the same time, the modernism of coloristic Abstract painting, now in its third or fourth generation, no longer seems to demand the interpretation it once did. In addition, as iconographical studies extended forward from Neoclassicism, an increasing number of trains of thought became visible in 19th-century art. At first their curiosity was attractive but soon it became apparent that complex and serious meanings had been a part of the program of Academic art. It is sometimes forgotten that iconography has a potential for disrupting thoughtlessly assumed hierarchies of value. If you are tracing the theme of, say, Charity in European art not all the relevant material will be in the hands of acknowledged masters. Indeed some of the material may not be "high art" at all but takes the form of popular engravings. Thus the tracing of the meaning of images in art cuts across the taste assumptions by which the history of art is traditionally maintained. *(Continued on page 62)*

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Following are some random quotes from recent issues of SR—to give you some idea of the magazine's variety and vitality:

Kurt Waldheim

"There is unquestionably a new sense of changing interests, of uncharted possibilities, of new and terrible risks, and also of new hopes. It is absolutely essential to maintain the momentum of such ideas as these and turn them into present actions and future plans. Governments and international organizations, like people, tend to go back to sleep after a nightmare."

"Toward Global Interdependence":
SR, August 24, 1974

Herman Wouk

"It has been given to the people of our time to see the photographs from outer space that show us as we are: lost on a beautiful little ball whirling through space—God knows where from, and God knows where to—this little island of life that we have rifled and poisoned, where we spend most of our time battering at each other, where the problem of survival is common to us all."

"You, Me, and the Novel"
SR, September 14, 1974

Clare Boothe Luce

"The cook who cooks for nothing is a female—or a housewife. The cook who cooks for $25,000 is a male—or a chef."

"The 21st Century Woman—Free at Last?" SR, August 24, 1974

Goodman Ace

"Deficit spending is the art of spending money you don't have, which you fervently hope you will have by the first of next month. Or by Judgement Day. Whichever comes first."

"Deficit Saving" SR, July, 1974

Hollis Alpert

"Let a movie hang around long enough in its can, then let it see the light of a screen, and sure enough, it's a classic."

"That Was the Entertainment That Was"
SR, June 29, 1974

Norman Cousins

"If enough people can be found who are willing to attach themselves to the proposition that the human species is sufficiently intelligent and energetic to think and work in world terms, the pessimistic forecasts of the experts will lose their power to paralyze or intimidate."

"Prophecy and Pessimism"
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One should not overlook the damage done by the one-sided stress on Impressionism to a unified view of 19th-century art. A crude polarity, an us-them classification system, was imposed on an exceptionally diverse period. The 19th century is re-emerging in terms of an intricate wholeness rather than the crude reduction of its stylistic range that had prevailed. Of course the downgrading of Academic art had the effect of aggrandizing the Impressionists, who were celebrated as the victors in a battle with the forces of reaction. Now that the simple contrast of the Ancients and the Moderns meets almost nobody's experience, however, it is pointless to maintain the early modern view of the academy. It follows that Impressionism itself is involved in this taste change, as will be discussed in my next column on the exhibition, "The Impressionist Epoch," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

What with competition from a blazing skyscraper, a catastrophic earthquake (with "special effects" in the auditorium) and the further adventures of *The Godfather*—all films that exploit the current appetite for escapist horror—two French pictures that deal with a genuine horror of World War II arrived here rather inconspicuously during the holiday weeks. They are *Black Thursday* (Les Guichets du Louvre) and *Les Violons du Bal*, both recalling the savage and, on the part of French officialdom, shameful persecution of the Jews during the Nazi occupation. Curiously, both films display a lyricism that is at odds with the wickedness of their central theme.

Michel Mitrani's *Black Thursday*, based on an autobiographical novel by Roger Boussinot, recounts the experiences of a non-Jewish Sorbonne student who, forewarned of the roundup, determines to do what he can to save some of the intended victims. He is notably unsuccessful; the people he approaches are suspicious, incredulous, stubbornly trustful of the law (they refuse to remove their yellow stars), and one finds oneself falling into the grotesque position of being irritated by the Jews of Paris because they did not respond effectively to a hideous danger for which nothing in their past had prepared them. This matter has come up before: over the years, there has been considerable speculation as to whether there was something peculiar about the Jews of Europe that made them docile victims of the ravaging Germans. It's impossible to say—no other large group has been designated for extermination in our era, so we have no cross reference of "normal" reaction to that exigency.

Young Paul (Christian Rist) makes one equivocally successful contact during his long hours of frustration in the Marais, the Jewish section not far from the Louvre, where the commandeered busses are parked. Like the others, Jeanne (Christine Pascal), an austerely beautiful girl, first spurns him; but he dogs her heels and when she learns that her mother and younger sister have been seized, she reluctantly accepts his protection. The film then becomes a doom-shadowed love story, with the ardent boy urging the shy but passionate girl to flee with him across the Seine to the relative safety of the Latin Quarter. The ostensible goal is shelter, but crossing the river soon becomes for the girl an admission that she must break with her past and put her trust in this sudden, unconsidered love. Paul gets her to the middle of the bridge and there the film ends.

I was moved by the picture and I believed the behavior of the tormented couple—the igniting of love under such circumstances could not be less than excruciating. Still, the picture left me somewhat distracted. The early passages, in which the French constabulary set up the malign machinery for trapping, without panicking, their prey, created a situation of social obscenity that was almost dropped in favor of the intensely personal story of the lovers. Individual Jews had emerged in those preliminary scenes; I cared about them as people and en masse, and felt somewhat traitorous to become absorbed by an idyll, however poignant its circumstances. Personalizing tragedy is, of course, the way to make it dramatically effective, but Mitrani was doing that exceedingly well in those cat-and-mouse street scenes of functionaries collaborating with evil. In short, both parts of the picture are good, but they are different kinds of story.

Les Violons du Bal moved me almost not at all, though it was pleasant enough—an odd adjective, admittedly, in the context of murderous anti-Semitism. My relative indifference toward the people and their danger stems, I think, from the fact that the film, written and directed by Michel Drach from his own family history, is a "machine." A director (first Drach himself, then Jean-Louis Trintignant) is making a film about his childhood adventure and trying to convince the Parisian distributors that a story about the persecution of the Jews some thirty years ago is a commercial property. So we see him choosing locales, haranguing skeptical gentlemen fat with money, casting his son as himself and his wife as his mother, and bit by bit putting together and showing us the work he has conceived. This is all so ingenious, and I fear chic, that with the best of will I could not suspend disbelief.

And the aura of chic spills over into the narrative itself. The beset family, a grandmother, a mother, three children, are aristocrats of impeccable manners, elegant taste and ample funds. They live surrounded by quiet beauty and when they flee they do so in *haute couture* and through the loveliest of countryside. Of course, the Nazis destroyed accomplished and affluent Jews whenever they could lay hands on them—indeed they took special delight in bestializing people of that rank—but money, mobility and the habit of command made a difference even in those rotten times; class was a factor in survival.

So, though I was concerned for the family, it was more for their discomfort than for their lives. I sensed that had the others died, Drach would hardly have chosen his egocentric film-within-a-film device to commemorate them. They made it over the Swiss border in a few minutes of cliché cliff hanging and I relaxed my limbs as after any other well-paced thriller. For that sort of thing, though, I prefer international diamond smuggling. It seems out of scale to invoke the German crime against the Jews for scenario purposes. □

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makes a meadow
of the bare land.
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deep enough
you can hear the wind
tell the cattle
when to stir, or,
if you've a mind,
feel it fingering
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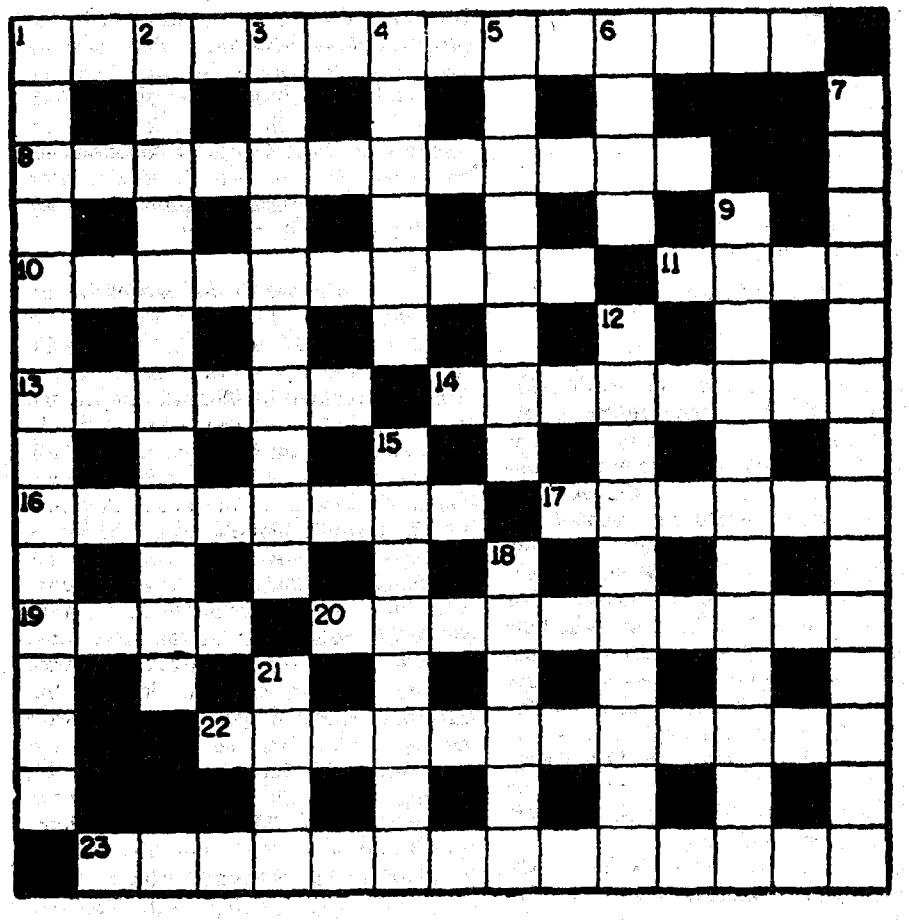
Crossword Puzzle No. 1568

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The dated pace of a rather loose-living Tisiphone? (4,3,7)
8 Would one nurse the show along as a compassionate gesture? (5,2,5)
10 Do they prove symbolically that gore can be spilt among confederates (10)
11 Is the crown made of paste? (4)
13 Snout, typically. (6)
14 Not one of Horatio's fans—in a large manner, one is now independent. (8)
16 It should be a well-balanced proposition. (8)
17 Hamlet's sergeant was in arrest. (6)
19 Party to which Bess's friend shouldn't go quietly! (4)
20 Scoring what the Prodigal Son should be doing? (6,4)
22 Implying a ringer is easily understood. (5,2,1,4)
23 Face-lifting might, as a morale-boosting expression. (4,4,4,2)

DOWN

1 If mad enough, one might find a possible clue to incomplete shaving and oral hygiene procedure . (4,2,3,5)
2 A handy way to communicate what might be objectionable about billboards. (4,8)
3 Everything on the bird takes to being fairly lively. (10)
4 Delays what one does to superior judgment. (6)
5 How odd amounts are out of balance? (8)
6 The sort of thing given a lift by 23, in small measure. (4)
7 Get away with what the friendship gardener might do? (4,3,3,4)
9 What Keats thought Cortez stared at. (7,5)
12 The confused chap got her copies from it! (10)
15 The state of pigmentation trouble? (8)
18 In flight. (3-3)
21 Its let-down when 18 shouldn't cause such a tizzy! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1567

ACROSS: 1 Replicas; 5 Abated; 9 Bronchi; 10 Coulees; 11 Oceania; 12 Tadpole; 13 Break the rules; 15 Book of Numbers; 21 Unfaded; 22 Scapula; 23 Theorum; 24 Aspired; 25 Deride; 26 Addendum. DOWN: 1 Ribbon; 2 Proverb; 3 Incense; 4 Animal kingdom; 6 Bounder; 7 Trefoil; 8 Dispense; 10 Cut the mustard; 14 Abducted; 16 Off year; 17 Ordered; 18 Example; 19 Spurred; 20 Tandem.

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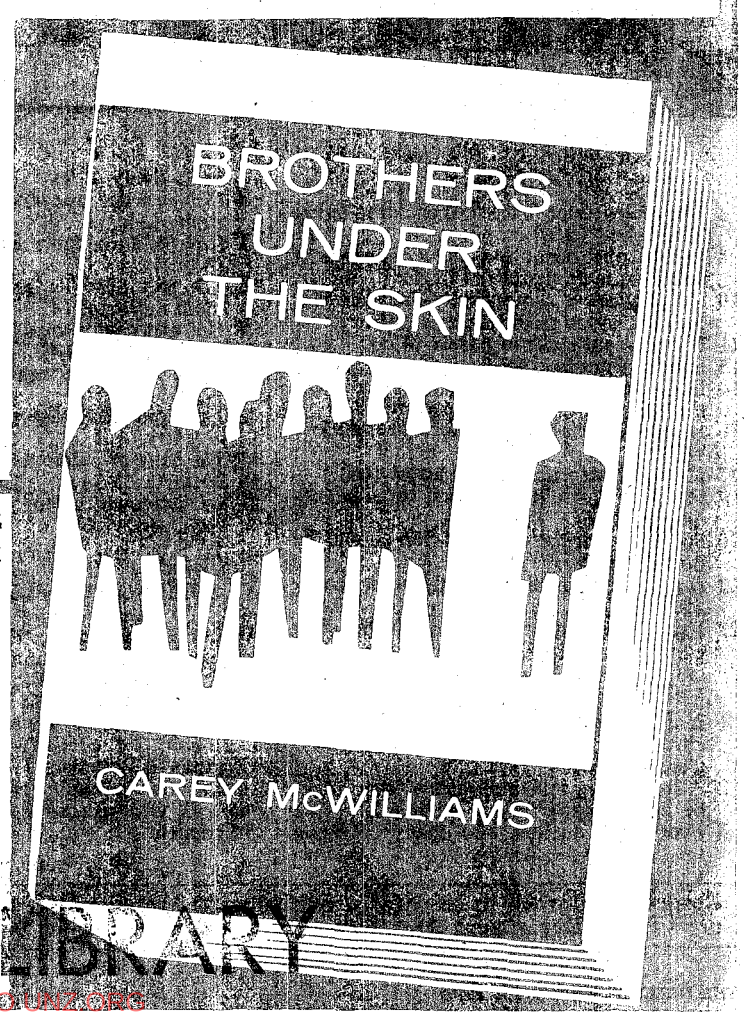

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